OBER 18 — 24, 1980

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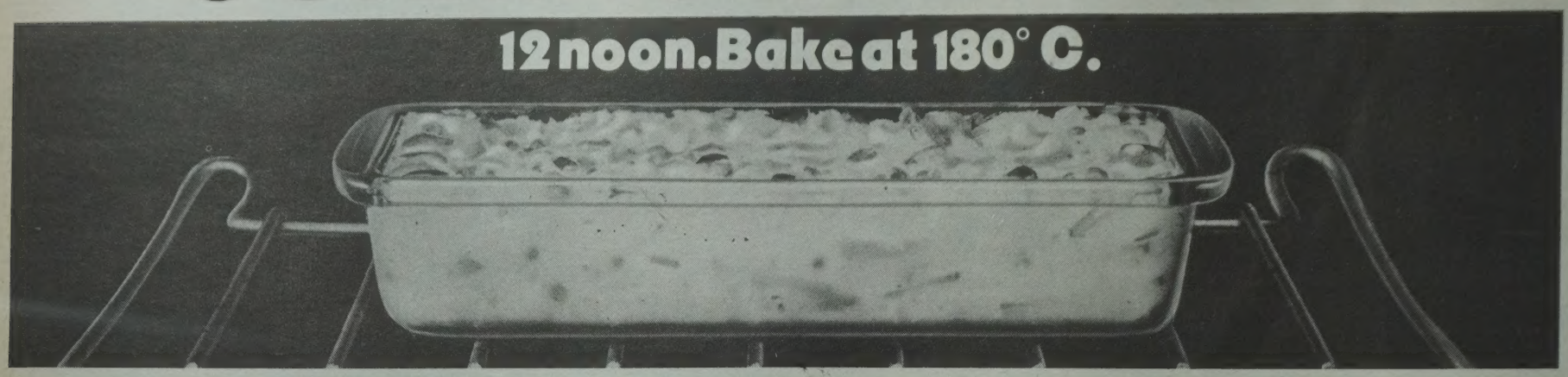

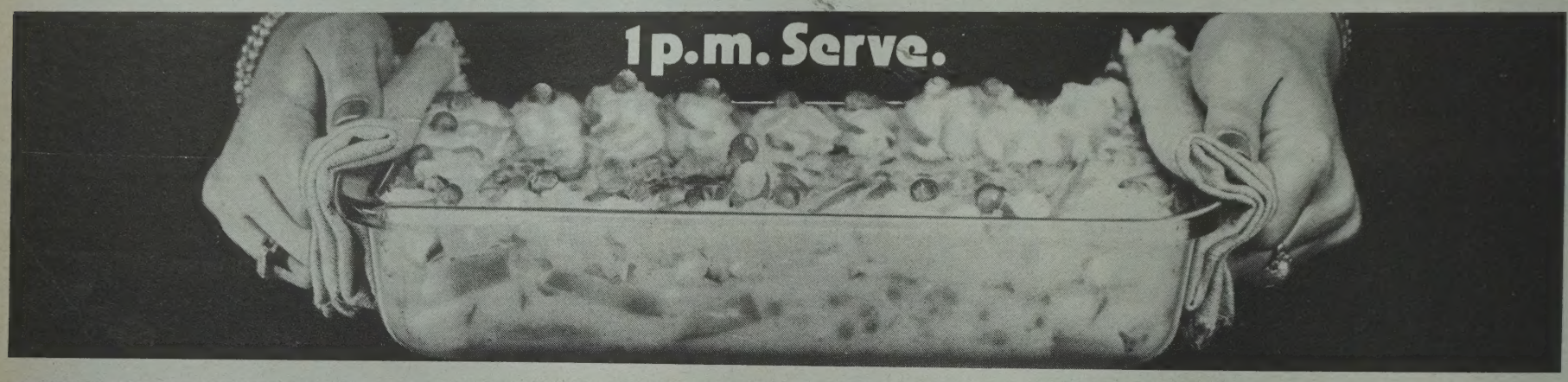

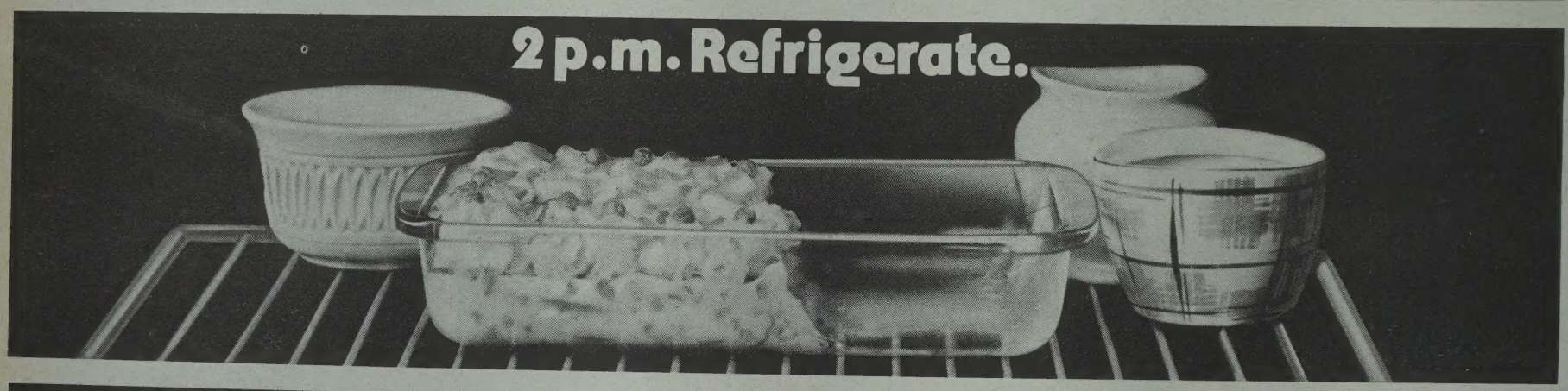

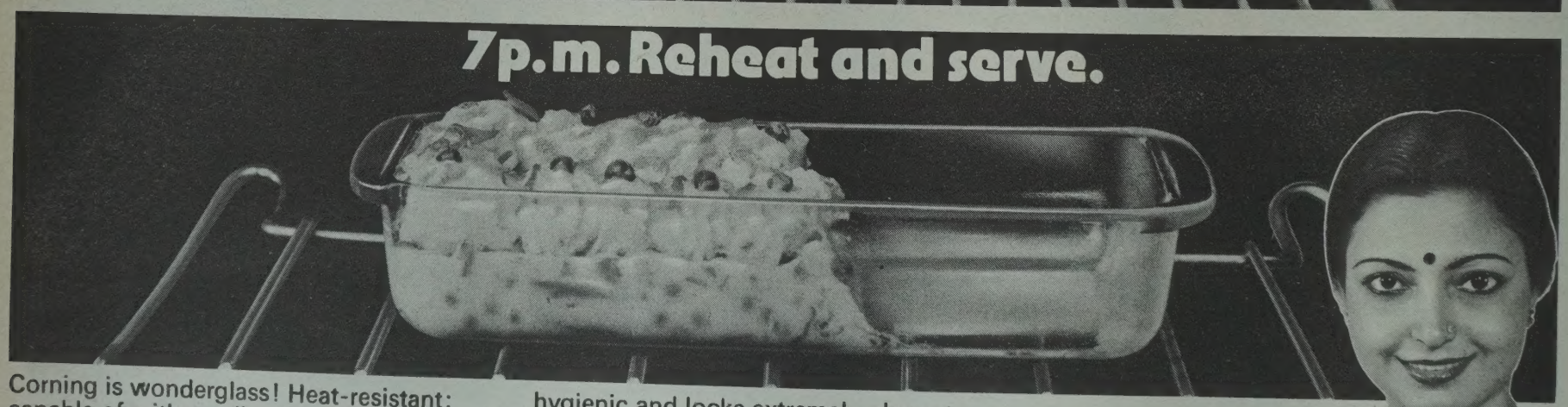

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VOL. XXXIV NO. 42 BOMBAY OCT. 18 — 24, 1980

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Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS: EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BY
J. C. JAIN
AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, FORT, BOMBAY 400 023.

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163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
Inland Rs. 85.
Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THIS WEEK

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

Parents or punters? Children or race horses? Is the aim of education to prove that your child is better than your neighbour's, or is it to develop his or her full potential even if it means his/her not getting into an I.I.T. or making it to the I.A.S. at the end?
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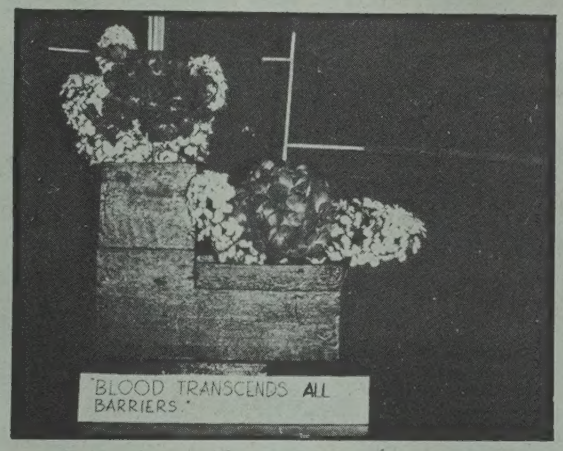


THE IMPORTANCE OF BLOOD

Did you know that if just one per cent of the eligible donor population of the country donated blood every year, there would be no shortage of blood, as there is now? Understanding the nature of blood.
Page 16.

MEETING OF 'BEAUTIFUL' MINDS

For the first time in 34 years India was formally represented at the World Cidesco Beauty Congress held recently in New York. A report from India's representative to the Congress highlights some interesting new discoveries.
Page 12.

THE WIFE'S RIGHT TO MAINTENANCE

The wife's right to be maintained by her husband is an ancient one which has had to be given to her because society has had to find ways of protecting the weaklings it has deliberately created. As long as the status quo exists as it is, wives must exercise this right.
Page 41.

ALSO

Film Interview: Dev Anand — **Page 15** Creative Photography: XXI — **Page 29** Women in Focus: Niloufer Ichaporia and Prakash Dilbagh Singh — **Page 33** A Story for Children — **Page 54.**

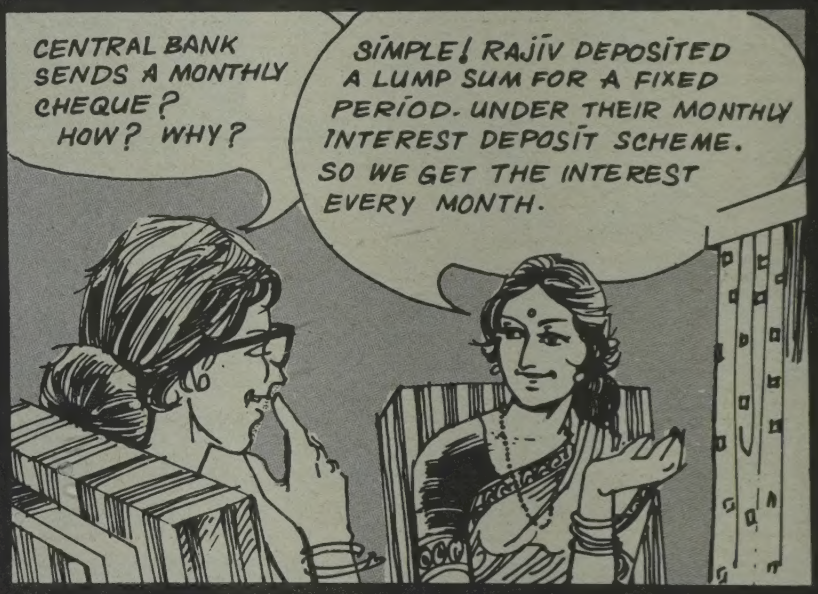
REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Book Nook/**22**, Comics/**25**, Designs by Dinoo/**26**, Fashion/**30**, Cookery/**35**, People Known & Unknown/**39**, Young Viewpoint/**45**, Images of Women/**48**, Short Story/**51**, Hiya Honey/**53**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People & Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58**.

How Smita relieved the budgetary headache.

HELLO LATA. COME IN. I WAS JUST READING MY ARUN'S LETTER. HE'S PASSED HIS FIRST TERM.
THATS GOOD NEWS SMITA. CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION

I AM SO PROUD OF ARUN. IN A YEAR HE'LL FINISH WITH BOARDING SCHOOL AND GO OFF TO COLLEGE.
YES HE'S A BRIGHT BOY, BUT AREN'T THE FEES A STRAIN ON YOUR FINANCES.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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

SUICIDE ON TAP

Recently I read about a retired Railway official, aged 85, who expressed a desire for legal sanction to end his life whenever he pleases; obviously, the obstacles that come in the way of his attempting suicide are medical ethics and the law.

One can't help thinking why suicide is considered a sin, morally, and a criminal offence, legally. For ages human life has been sacrificed under the pretext of wars, and conflicts between different groups, societies and religions have been given the sanction of patriotism with each individual goaded and brain-washed to undertake the task as a soldier. a leader or a saviour — nothing but mere suicide! If human life is expendable in such circumstances. one fails to understand why a person cannot cease to exist from this mundane life for his own pleaure. convenience and satisfaction.

It is high time our Government realised the need for such a right for each individual and should take the lead by legalising suicide and also provide such facilities as to enable people to end their lives peacefully and painlessly when they so desire. This will prove a real boon to those who, after discharging their duties, no longer wish to be a burden on the family.

When we have been able to overcome our age-old myths about abortion — why can't we do the same in the case of suicide?

USHA SASTRY, Pune

Never! Life is precious and not to be dismissed with a gun, a rope or a handful of pills. You are talking of mortals, alive and surveying a world they inhabited, with all its pitfalls and injustices. Aborting a foetus is quite another thing. The squirming, flailing, smiling, crying baby has not yet emerged to take its place in the world.

2nd PRIZE

REFORMING THE RAPIST

What punishment would be most suitable for a rapist, a newspaper asked recently. Emasculation, amputation of limbs, public flogging, tattooing of the word 'rapist' on the criminal's forehead and capital punishment were some of the suggestions both men and women came up with.

No one who has not been through the terrible experience of rape can even imagine the agony and despair that the victim and her dear ones are subjected to, but, nonetheless, the punishments suggested are prompted by emotion and anger and might hardly prove deterrents. The rapist is essentially a mentally-handicapped person, suffering from psychological aberrations. Faulty upbringing, lack of sex education and wrong ideas have most probably shaped his mind and attitudes. The remedy, then, lies in reformative handling or, better still, psychiatric treatment. Unfortunately, this is both expensive and lengthy. Futuristic medical science, however, points to a time when electrodes and such like devices can easily be implanted into the brain to bring desirable personality changes. Our attitudes to the rapist, however reprehensible he might seem, must be reformative not punitive.

LEELA RAMASWAMY, Bangalore

We would all like the rapists to be flogged or lynched or branded — but, obviously, that is not the answer. There must be sufficiently deterrent punishment and there may be psychiatric care where it is genuinely needed. But, make no mistake. Rapists are not generally the poor, retarded, sex-deprived people you speak of. Rape is another name for exploitation and a man is conditioned to believe he need not control his sexual impulses, for the victim of his desires is an object so low, so vulnerable, so dependant and so weak that successful resistance is out of the question.

3rd PRIZE

NOT WORTH THE SCREAMING. . .

Nowadays we see almost all the newspapers and magazines screaming about the insecurity of women. A popular weekly recently asked: "Why are men so cruel?" There are scores of articles written on the exploitation of women by men. Older people tend to glorify their generation saying, "In those days there was so much respect for women." What they don't understand is that it is only recently that more and more women are coming out in the open and facing the hard world. Women were so over-protected and over-sheltered that they never came to grips with life. The papers, weeklies and journals are doing more harm than good to the women-folk by constantly publicising rape and exploitation. Instead of giving them courage and moral support they are demoralising them, bringing in an attitude of diffidence in them to face a man's world. Every average woman knows her vulnerability and she also knows how to protect herself. It's an inborn trajt. Rape and murder occur only in certain abnormal situations, the percentage of which is quite low and does not need screaming out in headlines. The journals do it only to boost their sales and attract readers. The articles on rape, murder and suicide are not worth reading by an average, intelligent reader. I do not understand whom the journalists are trying to enlighten by writing reams and reams on this stale subject. The illiterate masses who are the ones to be educated on this can't read at all. So, why waste paper and the time of the readers?

SRIJAYA N. CHAR, Bangalore

So you think only the illiterate masses commit rape or are being raped. You think only the lower class of woman is being exploited. How ostrich-like can you get? Look around you and try and become aware of the games men plav. It's not cricket, we assure you.

JACK WORK JANE NO LIKE. . .

The other evening I listened, in deliberate silence, to a woman narrating, with some bitterness, the life she had to lead as the wife of a complete "work-addict." She said that her husband was a good provider but that he worked relentlessly, usually far into the night. He neglected his wife and two children apparently without the slightest feelings of regret. She said her marriage was a mockery — devoid of companionship and understanding and any real love. She also said his conversation centered around his desire and determination to earn more. Undoubtedly, there are men like this. Can anything be done to make them take a more balanced view of life? Personally, I don't think so. The work-addict, whose efforts seem to pay off in the shape of frequent pay-increases will always be just that — a work-addict.

GEORGE T. FEGRADOE. Bombay

A bit of swapping might help, what? An idler-husband could be gifted to the woman who is disgruntled with her work-aholic partner. And the work-addict could be transplanted into the home of the woman who has just thrown up (her hands) at the sight of her perpetually jobless husband.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

All material submitted to us for possible publication must be accompanied by adequate postage. The Editor takes no responsibility for the return of such manuscripts as do not come with sufficient stamps.

Voodoo

PRESENTS

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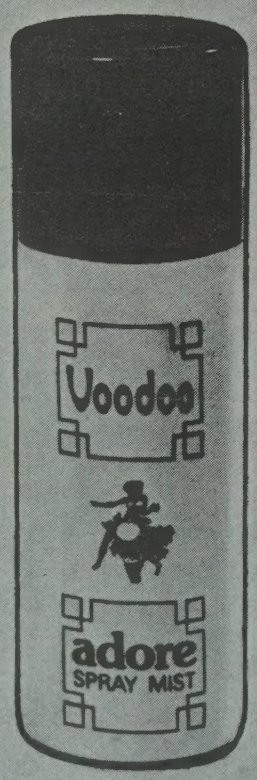

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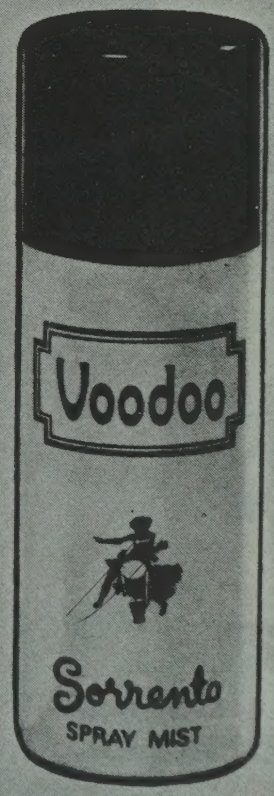

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK

With reference to your Special Issue on "Non-Conformist Women" (Sept. 6), it was terrific and, of course, shocking.

I would like to comment on the ideas propounded and practiced by Dolly Thakore. True, what she has done required a lot of guts, courage and will. She has had to stand up against all kinds of tensions and nasty remarks. All that is exemplary. But did she ever think about whether her child would be able to stand up against all this right from the day he starts going out to play with other children? One can choose to be a non-conformist and behave as one wants when one is mature and has reached an age where everything seems possible. However, a child cannot face such problems from his childhood.

I am not condemning Dolly Thakore for becoming a mother without being married. I am only condemning her justification for doing so — because she has only thought of herself and her happiness, and not what will happen to her dear son.

K. S. SHERE, Bombay.

A LARGER PURPOSE

Non-conformism exists in many fields. Most great scientists were non-conformists, from Copernicus to Einstein. They are necessarily so. So are great philosophers. Gurudev Tagore was a great non-conformist in education. There have been non-conformist military strategists like General Giap of Vietnam. Wasn't Mahatma Gandhi himself a great non-conformist in many respects?

Non conformism is nothing new, nor is it noble by itself — it is what it achieves that makes it noble or otherwise. Indeed, the world has progressed only through non-conformity on the part of some people. In fact, every society as it grows old becomes pregnant with a new one, fertilized by non-conformists.

But non-conformism, for the sheer heck of it, is not only purposeless but deplorable, for it may cause the disintegration of society, leaving both conformists and non-conformists in distress. The case of the braless young lady, who proudly proclaims in your Special Issue that she had a baby without getting married and invites other ladies to do likewise, would seem to come under the latter category. What is the public significance of such a private matter? Moreover, in our vast country, there are any number of cases of children being born outside wedlock and being brought up as such among what people, imagining themselves to be superior, would call, "the lower classes." But a private deal should not be sought to be presented as non-conformist zeal. My point is that non-conformism should have a larger purpose.

C. B. DYVTHIKAR, Madras.

HYPOCRISY

Except for Kamala Das's views, all the articles in your Special Issue on Non-Conformist Women (Sept. 6) were flooded with a heavy dose of hypocrisy. Though non-conformity cannot be viewed in an absolute sense, in the light of the prevailing social set-up, wherein an individual is subjected to certain unwritten ethical and moral codes of conduct, all talk about non-conformity is futile. But when non-conformity is viewed in terms of percentage, then Indian women have a long way to go to catch up with men in so-called non-conformity, as they have so far succeeded by virtue of certain concessions society has granted to them and by exploiting the male-dominated society too.

K. S. RAMAN, New Delhi.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 25

AN INTERNATIONAL CRIME

"Female circumcision" is a euphemism for an international crime — the genital mutilation of women. A report.

MODERN-DAY PIRATES

Their loot is music. There is a flourishing business in pirated cassettes both internationally and in India. A look into the affairs of modern-day pirates and how legitimate recording companies, who have everything to lose, view them.

CALCUTTANS AIR THEIR VIEWS

A cross-section of Calcutta's women talk about feminism, and what they think of women's liberation in the Indian context.

THE MENTALLY RETARDED

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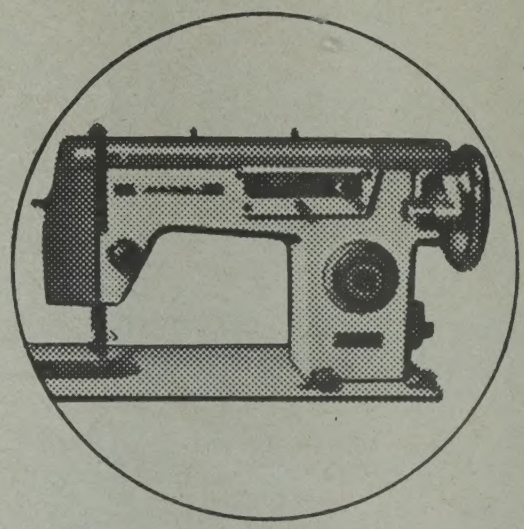

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CHAITRA-SBI-624

PARENTS OR PUNTERS?

Meenakshi Mukherjee

Our daughter goes to a school in Hyderabad where the children are not ranked at the end of the year and each one is allowed to grow at his or her own pace. This is so unusual in India, where education is synonymous with competition, that we are constantly being warned by other people that this school is not preparing our child for life. In life she cannot avoid competition, we are told. Creativity or originality, they argue, will not get her a job or a seat in a good college.

From one point of view they are right. But as parents each one of us has to make our individual decision. Is the aim of education to prove that my child is better than my neighbour's or is it to develop his or her full potential even if it means his not getting into an I.I.T. or making it to the I.A.S. at the end? I believe that it should be no concern of the teacher at school that the child might sit for various competitive tests later in life. Ideally, the teacher is helping him to become a fuller human being — not by just filling him with information — but by teaching him to use his mind so that he can continue the process of learning on his own.

All this sounds very theoretical, but do we not constantly come across people who regard the school as a kind of Mahalaxmi Race Course where the horses procreated by them have been sent to compete? Our neighbour's bright child, who is usually first in her class, was severely reprimanded by her father for coming third this year, and her not-so-bright brother is being coached by a private tutor morning and evening so that he can catch up. After returning from school, while the other children play outside, he sits with his tutor in a darkening room, looking out wistfully. I fail to understand how this is going to make him perform better in his studies. If he is not doing well at school, there must be a reason which the parents will have to try and understand. Loading him with more work is hardly going to help.

On the other hand there is the case of a very destructive little boy I knew once — he is no longer a boy and not at all destructive now — who hated the regimentation of school. He was a constant problem to his parents because he was always getting into scrapes. The teacher complained that he did not pay attention in class and other parents complained that he was beating up their sons. There was only one thing which kept him

PARENTS TEND TO BE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THE JOB OR MARRIAGE PROSPECTS OF THEIR CHILDREN, AND EDUCATION IN THIS COUNTRY, UNFORTUNATELY, IS GEARED TO THE SAME END

quiet — and that was music. His mother, who was not a psychologist but just a housewife with an unerring instinct, decided to divert his energies to music by building up a congenial musical atmosphere at home. The parents were also musical, so they sang and played on instruments together, had a tabla teacher come and accompany them and generally had a swinging time at home. The boy generally became less aggressive, and as people stopped nagging him about his studies, his problems at school also gradually disappeared. He never came first in his class, but became quite a well-balanced individual, and to this day music remains a nourishing interest in his life even though he is a mechanical engineer by profession.

One harm our competitive education system does is to teach its products to equate a career with life. I have often wondered if we do not put too much emphasis on a career, which after all is a means to earn our bread and should not be allowed to become the whole of our existence. We are all familiar with the kind of conversation that goes on in almost every drawing room in our cities: government officers talking about transfers and promotions, academics talking about grades, increments and university politics, executives talking about their tax problems and perks, as if there was nothing else in this varied and colourful world of ours to hold their interest. The quality of life does not matter to these people so long as their chair in the office is safe. It has become the measure of a man's success that he should dismiss as childishness the things that excited him at one time — the theatre perhaps, or trekking, poetry, wild life, birds, tennis or painting. Being a round hole in a round peg is the ultimate of their ambition. They would not think of altering the shape of the hole to suit the shape of the individual peg.

Our education has always been career-oriented, but the intensity of this orientation was brought home to me very sharply only this summer. We happened to be travelling quite a bit during the vacation, and wherever we went — from Madras to Delhi and from Calcutta to Pune — it seemed that the same drama was being enacted in the house of every friend and relative we visited. I was quite amazed by the uniformity of the pattern.

There were basically three exams that the entire population of young people of our acquaintance seemed to be appearing for, depending on their age group: I.I.T. entrance test, admission exams of the Management Institutes, and the I.A.S. preliminaries. The atmosphere in all these families was tense. Either the exams were about to be held, or the results were about to be declared, or the interviews were imminent. The fates of individuals and the prestige of families were hanging in balance and the nerves were on edge as if the only career opportunities in this vast and diverse country could be found through these three highly competitive channels.

No, I am forgetting the fourth alternative which is for girls alone. And that is getting married to someone who has made it in the horse race. A woman I met on a recent railway journey taught me some wisdom on this score. We had been talking off and on for four hours, as one does on a train, touching haphazardly on every topic under the sun: gold prices, children's education, Indira Gandhi and the weather. When she told me that her daughter was going to sit for the I.A.S. exams I was taken aback, because by that time I knew that she had very firm views against women taking up jobs. I could not resist asking he why she was letting her daughter take up a job if she has such a strong aversion to career women.

"My daughter won't have to work," was the very confident reply. "She will marry an I.A.S. officer while on training. This is the best way to get an I.A.S. husband." I bowed to her superior wisdom. Later she explained that securing an I.A.S. bridegroom in any other way is a rather expensive affair, and since her daughter always came first in her class she thought this was her best bet.

It will not be fair to generalize on the basis of this one woman's strategy, but unfortunately this is what education in our country boils down to: iron out individual qualities under a heavy load of work, make everybody conform to the same standard so that they can compete with each other, and finally measure the worth of a person in terms of his success in the job market if he is a boy, or in the marriage market if she is a girl.

WORLD BEAUTY

NEW DISCOVERIES,

For the first time in 34 years India was formally represented at the World Cidesco Beauty Congress held recently in New York, when the well-known beauty therapist from Delhi, Shahnaz Husain, was President Designate for India (Cidesco). She was interviewed by the Voice of America in New York. She also presented other Radio programmes on the subject. She was covered by "News India", "India Abroad" and "The New York Daily."

Recently she opened the Shahnaz Herbal in Rome in collaboration with an Italian house of cosmetics. Herbal beauty products are the current rage the world over. India has been known for its rich herbal heritage and can be a leader in this field. And an Indian girl selling herbal products generates a certain emotional involvement so different from the impersonal technique of the department stores.

The scene was the 34th World Cidesco Beauty Congress (American Section) held at the Starlight Roof of the famous Waldorf-Astoria-Hilton-New York. Beauty experts and cosmetic chemists from over 60 countries assembled here. Shahnaz Husain was appointed President of the day's proceedings.

Some intriguing discoveries were highlighted. Among others the famous **Pablo Manzoni,** Creative Director, Elizabeth Arden, spoke about the magical effects of make-up showing before-and-after colour slides. **Madam Takako Ishi** of Tokyo demonstrated

MS. NICOLE RONSARD, author of the American best seller "Cellulite": "Any fat that refuses to move with either diet or exercise is cellulite. Not being regular fat, but a gel-like substance of fat, water and waste trapped in lumpy immovable pockets, it finally turns into fat. Women are more prone to cellulite than men. Apart from the fact that women have twice as much fatty tissues as men, their reactions are closely linked with tension and anxiety making them extra prone to cellulite. Specialised clinical and home massage by Mass Fer 33 is the latest for treating cellulite areas combined with diet control. Nervous tension, lack of adequate water intake and habitual use of laxatives are some of the causes of accelerating cellulite."

MADAM FRANKLIN from Canada: "Elastin is the newest discovery in skin science. It controls elasticity whereas Collagen is responsible for hydration. It controls the wrinkling process by decreasing the appearance of wrinkles. Elastin in the use of creams prevents stretch marks, firms the bust, neck, inner thighs, removes under-eye bags and deep expression lines."

MR. RUDOLF of New York: "The latest cure for acne by the famous **Dr. Fulton** acts almost instantly, controlling the oiliness of the skin and curing acne permanently. Benzoyle Peroxide gel is the best treatment for acne. It is now available to prevent excessive Benzoyle Peroxide breakdown on skin contact thus reducing the burning sensation and desquamation during the initial phase of therapy with Benzoyle Peroxide."

Dr. STANFORD: "The newest in the race for the Foundation of Youth is lettuce concentrate. Used in creams it is excellent for skin life. Cabbage extract also maintains a youthful skin. Eucalyptus and sandalwood treatments are the latest for oily skin and acne."

LEFT : At the World Cidesco Beauty Congress held in New York are (from left) Miss Shimitza, Vice-president of Cidesco, U.S.A., Shahnaz Husain who represented India, and Nina Haas, World President of Cidesco, who was given a special award at the Congress.

EXPERTS MEET...

RENEWED HOPE

DR. EDWARD: "Hair loss can be controlled with Topical Enzyme Therapy which is extremely effective in cases of sudden post-natal hair loss. What happens is that during pregnancy a woman's estrogen level tends to shoot up and the hair is kept well rooted to the scalp and under control. The moment a woman delivers, the estrogen level falls accelerating sudden falling of hair. At this particular juncture, between the estrogen fall and balance, she might lose much more hair than she could ever dream of replacing. The enzyme therapy would instantly control the condition."

MADAM PENAUD from France: "The Magnederm gadget is the latest for exfoliation and skin peeling. It helps dead skin to peel or scale thus slowing wrinkles and enabling deeper and quicker absorption of creams and lotions applied, thus delaying the ageing process."

DR. MALCOM from Australia: "Henna herbal hair conditioner and henna herbal pack and shampoo are the latest in hair care. Unlike chemical dyes, henna leaf powder works from the inside of the hair shaft out, bringing out the hidden highlights of the hair, capturing only the natural tones. Henna combined with keratin and proteins does not impart any colour. Herbal hair conditioner combined with lime juice and egg white helps follicles control hair loss and gives the hair a lustrous look.

"Naturade colour cosmetics are based on natural oils such as rice bran and sesame products. And now we have blushons made from sesame base, rice bran oil; finishing powders and eye-shadows, water-proof mascara with natural proteins and cucumber moisturised cleanser. These products contain a rare, powerful and natural moisturiser called Jojoba."

DR. HEATH from Austria: "Jell 77 when rubbed over the hairy area actually stunts hair growth. A little gel massaged into any facial area after depilation or waxing penetrates the hair roots inhibiting the growth."

MADAM BOGART from Trinidad: "Natural organics and the Clay Pack of Pierre Cattier range, known as the French Natural Solution, is the only possible way to permanent youth. The clay should be combined with various natural products such as honey, egg, rose, olive oil and so on."

DR. HARVEY GLASS: "Biotin H-24 the latest discovery by endocrinologists reduces excessive hair loss and regenerates new growth of hair. The main ingredient responsible is Biotin — a natural Vitamin B catalyzing new hair growth. This reduced hair loss instantly in 90 per cent of women treated. When a series of tests were conducted on balding patients and women above the age of 35, who suddenly experienced unexplained excessive hair loss, it was observed that Biotin served as a co-enzyme in fixing the splitting of amino acids, and contributing significantly to nuclear acid proteins synthesis. In obviously hopeless cases of balding, what actually occurs is that hair follicles go into their 'rest-stage' prematurely. The follicles are still alive but cease to grow. Biotin H-24 formula helps restore life to lifeless hair."

The famous surgeon DR. J. BARNETT of Fifth Avenue: "Silicone produces instantaneous and permanent results... it is an ideal therapy for facial pits, acne, wrinkles."

the technique of massage with acupuncture points as the basic principle. **Christine Valmy**, President, USA Section, spoke on specialised treatments for wrinkled skin from rehydration to face-lifting surgery.

"Old age is an incurable disease," said Seneca in 160 B.C. Even today, 22 centuries later, science has not found a complete cure for it. As yet there is no treatment by which an individual's biological time clock can be reversed. However, intriguing discoveries are being made and more potent therapeutic approaches are being contemplated. The conquest of the degenerative cells is a strong possibility within the 80s with cosmetic breakthroughs in the field of skin science.

What should you think of whenever you think of J&N?

Love at first sight, love ever after.

Love is forever.
It weathers all trials and tribulations, tests and temporality.
Time only refines it, but cannot age, fade or wither it.
Colours are like love.
J & N colours.
You lose your heart to them at first sight.
For their exciting range, brightness and freshness.
And when you bring them home
it's an affair that lasts like love.
Because they last like love.
Ever after.

Excitingly.
Beautifully.
Give your home this wonderful romance of J & N paints.
Robbialac Plastic Emulsion for your walls.
Brolac Polyurethane Enamel for your doors and windows.
Robbiacem for outdoors.
All J & N and all No. 1.
In quality and durability.
In range of shades.
In feel and finish.
In freshness and brightness.
The best paints you can buy.

Jenson & Nicholson

Two words that spell trust, two words that mean the best.

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DEV ANAND: ALWAYS ON THE GO!

Adelaide Chand

Perhaps the most durable hero of the Hindi screen, Dev Anand not only retains his charisma but also a driving energy that many a younger man may well envy

Dev Anand's reputation in the film industry has attained near legendary proportions — the man has maintained his charisma for so unimaginable a length of time that his continued existence as a hero can be well regarded as a tribute to his amazing powers of durability and determination.

When you meet Dev Anand for the first time. the first thing that strikes you (apart from his incredibly youthful looks and his enormously high collars), is his buoyant zestfulness — he's so obviously a man on the go, more energetic than most people half his age. He moves restlessly, gestures rapidly, words pour from him in a rapid-fire stream.

ENORMOUS RESERVES

When asked about the source of all this energy he says, "It's natural. It's a gift. I've always possessed these enormous reserves within me — it's as if some vital source just keeps pushing me to go on and on working tirelessly. I can never just sit around doing nothing. I'm not made that way. I've always got to be involved in some project or another. And I pour into each project a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and dedication. That is why even before I've completed working on one film, I'm already thinking of the next. You see, I'm a forward-thinking man. I'm always looking ahead—planning, conceiving, visualizing. There's no time for me to dwell in the past."

Dev also says that he wastes no time crying over the non-success of any of his films. "That's because I'm an optimist by nature — I always feel, 'Try again! You'll succeed the second time around.' My 'Ishq, Ishq, Ishq' which I'd made on such a lavish scale, bombed dismally at the box-office. I didn't let it get me down. I was already chalking out the script for my next film. My brother Goldie's different. He tends to get upset — 'Oh, my God, we worked so hard.' But I say, so what? Maybe some vital ingredient was missing somewhere, some reason why the masses rejected it."

Dev's had a bad run at the box-office lately. His only starrer after 'Des Pardes', 'Sahib Bahadur', directed by his brother Chetan, (co-starring him and Priya), proved a total disaster at the box-office. Dev, characteristically, was unfazed. "I didn't expect too much from the film because it dragged on for over five years in the making. I think a film should be made quickly and at a stretch, while the enthusiasm among all those involved in it is still at its highest peak."

NEXT PROJECT

Dev's recent ready-for-release "Loot Maar" took a little more time than expected, probably because of the censor problems Dev had to tackle after the film's completion. "They wanted to give the film an A certificate. I couldn't understand this, especially since so many recent films with their surfeit of sex and violence, have been allowed for unrestricted exhibition." So Dev, with characteristic optimism and determination, flew to Delhi, conferred with the people concerned, and using his usual combination of charm and persuasiveness, made them see things his way.

So now, with the "Loot Maar" problems ironed out, Dev Anand is already absorbed in his next project, "Swami Dada". "It's going to be terriffic!" he raves. "An entirely new concept. I'll be going abroad shortly to pick up a couple of American actresses for my film. The cast will be finalized soon after." Here's wishing him luck.

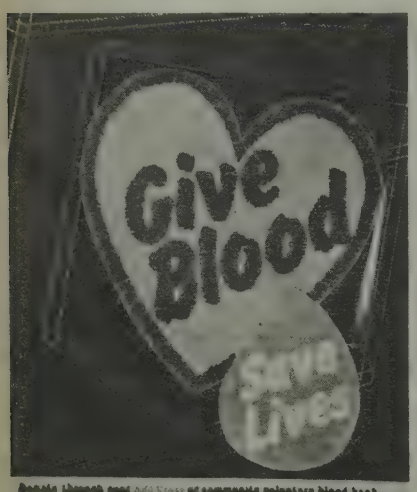
Photograph : Girish Shukla

THE BLOOD FACTOR

Loss of blood is a well recognised cause of death, but for women it has added importance because of the complications attending child birth. Whether it is a case of abortion, miscarriage, still birth or even child birth associated with complications of placenta like antipartum or post-partum haemorrhage, the solution lies in timely diagnosis and adequate availability of blood of the desired type. High incidence of cancer, specially of the genital organs, adds to the problems of anaemia, infection and blood loss.

The above conditions and a large majority of other disorders which are common among males and females highlight the need for a proper blood transfusion service which can ensure timely transfusion to all those whose lives can be saved by it.

The role that blood transfusion can play can be judged from some of the recent cases which came to one of the leading hospitals of northern India. An advanced case of pregnancy with severe anaemia, gasping for breath, was admitted to the emergency department. Laboratory investigations soon after admission revealed that she was left with only one-tenth of the normal haemoglobin content, the haemoglobin reading recorded being less than 2 gms. per cent. In any developed country it is difficult to imagine that anyone with such a low count could be alive, but it is a hard fact that in our country a considerable number of pregnant women come to the hospital with haemoglobin less than 4 gms per cent, a situation which is equally disastrous for the mother and the foetus. An immediate blood transfusion had to be organised for this patient, which was followed by another four transfusions to raise her Hb to a modest level of 8 gms so that she could be delivered safely.



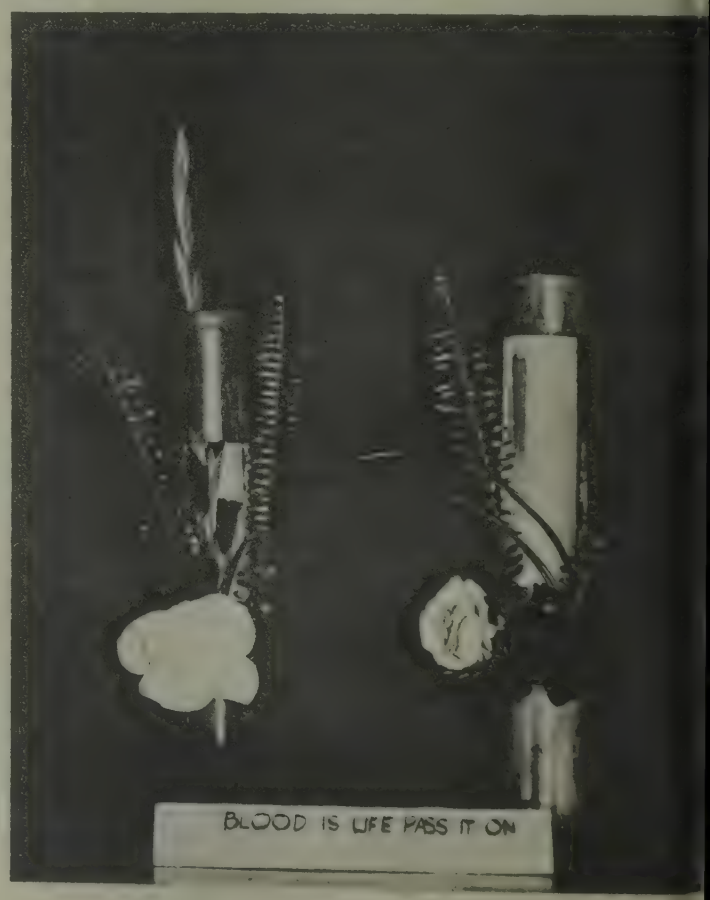
In another case of threatened abortion the patient, instead of coming to the hospital directly, because of certain social and psychological reservations was taken to a quack who, using certain abortificients had ruptured the uterus during the process. This woman was almost pulseless and before anything else could be thought of, transfusion of blood had to be resorted to make her pulse palpable. Detailed examination revealed that in addition to rupture of the uterus and shock she had developed severe infection. An emergency operation had to be planned which required six units of blood. She had to be in hospital for a couple of weeks during which a few more bottles had to be transfused.

Profuse bleeding during the later months of pregnancy posed a serious problem to a young primigravida aged only 20. The extent of bleeding had reduced her Hb to barely 3 gms. Immediate surgical intervention to save the foetus as well as the mother needed over half a dozen bottles of blood.

A patient was admitted late at night soon after her baby's delivery. All medicines and even transfusion of blood had failed to stop the gush of blood. Her condition was diagnosed to be afibrinogenanaemia (deficiency of the clotting factor — fibrinogen); the transfusion of this particular clotting factor and a few units of fresh frozen plasma could help in tiding over the crisis. A case of acute abdominal pain during the early phase of pregnancy created a baffling situation for the obstetrician. It was ultimately diagnosed as ectopic pregnancy. An urgent operation supported by four units of blood helped to save this patient.

Bleeding associated with disturbances of the menstrual cycle invariably result in a very protracted debilitating condition, specially in the later age group where hysterectomy (removal of the uterus) becomes inevitable. A number of such cases receive appropriate treatment only with the help of supportive therapy which consists mainly of transfusion of blood.

A flower arrangement demonstr ation organised by the Indian Society



Several cases of extensive carcinomata of the cervix and genital organs require major surgery and deep X-ray therapy. Surgery is essential to remove the main growth and deep X-ray and radium therapy to kill all the effects of infiltration and extension of the cancerous growth to the other parts of the body. Continued use of blood is an essential pre-requiste throughout treatment.

A middle aged woman with a history of repeated abortions, miscarriages and still births was referred to a newly established clinic known as the Rh clinic in the blood transfusion department. Curiously, no attention had been paid earlier to any of her clinical signs and symptoms except obtaining blood samples from the patient and her husband. Detailed serology of blood revealed that the repeated mishaps during her earlier pregnancies were due to the incompatibility of the couple's blood groups. The wife happened to be O Rh negative and the husband A Rh positive. An analysis of blood showed that the red blood cells of the husband had invaded the blood stream of the mother through the foetus and resulted in the formation of Rh antibodies which in turn were responsible for the destruction of the earlier foetuses. Even if the foetus goes to full term it develops severe jaundice as a result of the destruction of its red blood cells, a condition known as neonatal jaundice or HDN (haemolytic disease of the newborn) or Rh baby. The only hope of such babies is to replace their damaged blood with fresh Rh negative blood. This process called an exchange transfusion has to be completed during the first few hours after birth. In Rh negative women if the degree of immunisation becomes severe and the babies cannot reach full term in live condition one may have to resort to intra-uterine transfusion of blood. Such transfusion during later pregnancy helps to compensate the damaged blood of the foetus.

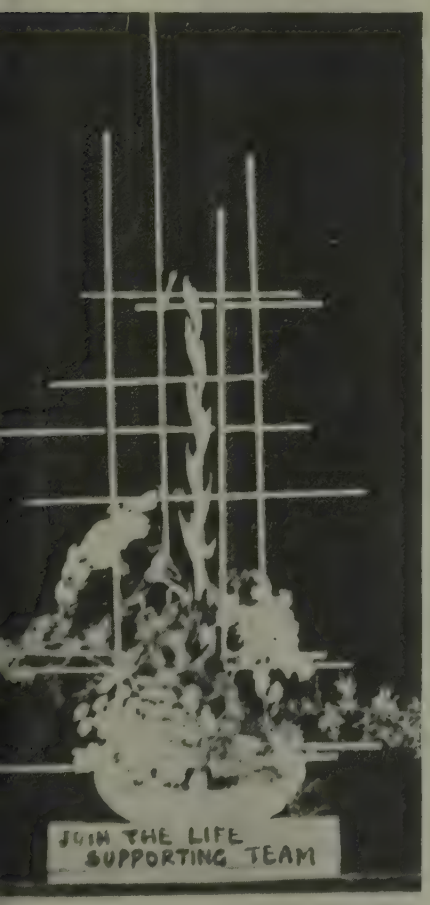
In addition to the above cases large quantities of blood transfusion in cases of caesarian sections and numerous other conditions associated with child birth is a daily routine.

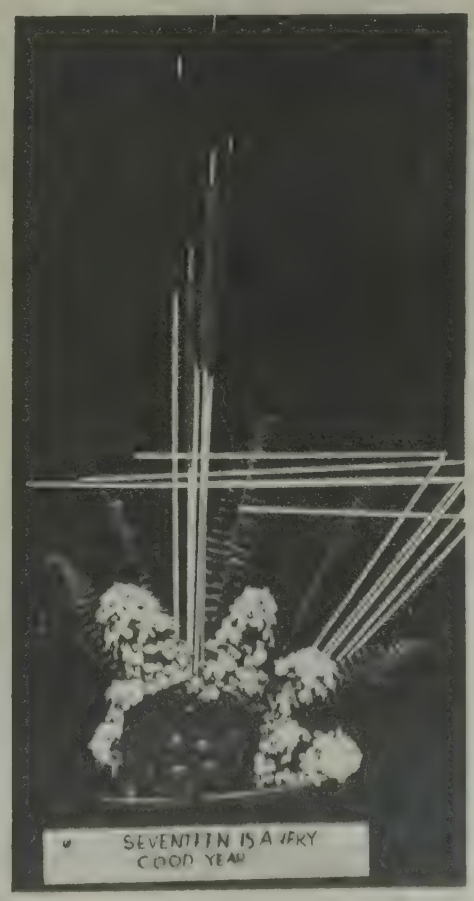
The availability of blood and its components has been of tremendous help in the management of all such conditions. It is unfortunate that such facilities can be provided only at a very few centres in the country

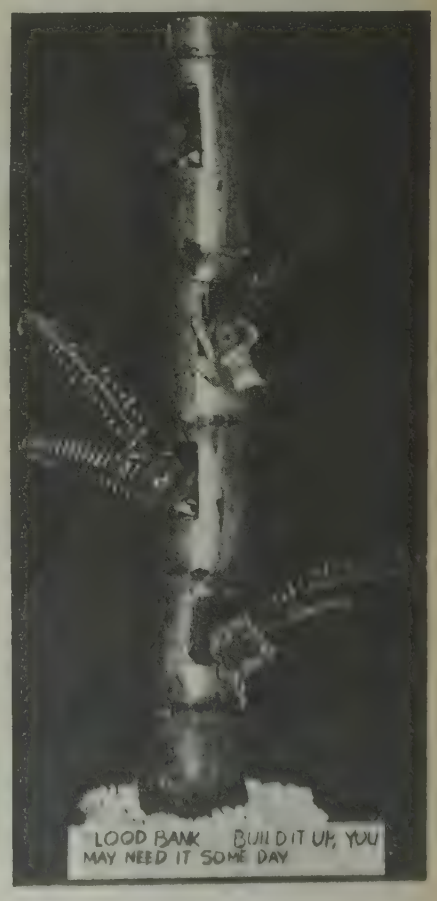
A LARGE MAJORITY OF DISORDERS WHICH ARE COMMON AMONG MEN AND WOMEN HIGHLIGHT THE NEED FOR A PROPER BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE WHICH CAN ENSURE TIMELY TRANSFUSION TO ALL THOSE WHOSE LIVES CAN BE SAVED BY IT. IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT SUCH FACILITIES ARE PROVIDED AT VERY FEW CENTRES IN THE COUNTRY

J. G. Jolly

of Blood Transfusion and Immunohaematology in Chandigarh.







Splash a bit of sunshine.

Made from ripe, rosy tomatoes fresh from the fields. Tempted?
Ask for them by name—
Sun-Sip Tomato Ketchup.

New

Sun-Sip

KETCHUP
JAMS & SQUASHES

THE BLOOD FACTOR

with the result that the great majority of the patients are denied the benefit of something which can be made available. The need for a well organised transfusion programme thus becomes imperative.

For the successful functioning of any blood transfusion service it is essential to have a regular inflow of blood in large quantities so that banking of sufficient stocks of all the blood types is possible. The responsibility for such a set up is twofold: for the government to provide the basic necessities of a blood transfusion unit and for the community to come forward unhesitatingly to donate blood. Unfortunately, the health authorities do not appreciate the vital role which blood plays in present day medicine nor does the public realize its responsibility in coming forward to give blood.

Even those centres which exist in the country, mostly depend on professional blood sellers and have to rely on substandard and hazardous quality of blood. Realizing the dangers associated with blood obtained from commercial blood sellers, most of the blood banks all over the world depend on voluntary donors. In fact in many countries tapping the professional source has been banned by law.

Voluntary donations have an added problem in our country, where people still continue to entertain superstitions and inhibitions about giving blood. A powerful movement thus needs to be launched for educating the public about the harmlessness of blood donation.

You cannot put a price on the life of someone you love. Neither money nor the best medical skill is at times enough to save a life without the help of blood.

Voluntary donors are people blessed with a special gift — the gift of compassion. They don't merely sympathise with suffering, they become part of it and translate their sympathy into action by donating blood.

Millions of individuals all over the world are living today because millions of others participated in this life-saving programme by making timely donations of blood.

Although most of the adults have enough blood to spare, they hesitate to donate because they fear that donating blood will harm them or will be painful. Fear of the unknown is very understandable, but proof to the contrary lies in the fact that thousands of people donate regularly — three or four times a year. Many have totalled over 100 donations. Why would they do so if any risk or pain is involved?

If only 1 per cent of the eligible donor population of the country were to give, there would be no shortage of blood for anyone.

Blood can perform wonderful miracles, but first it has to be donated by special people like you. Unless more people become donors the supply will not be able to keep pace with the growing demand for blood. Someday, your life may depend on its availability. To ensure that it will be there when you need it, give blood now and ask your friends to do so too.

The typical professional seller is poverty stricken, and is ill-nourished and gives blood to avoid starvation. He is, in the vast majority of cases, a carrier of serious disease which he is not interested in disclosing and which the commercial blood bank, or rather the commercial blood extractor, is not interested in detecting, and which will pass on to the recipient. The professional seller also gives blood not once in three months but pos-

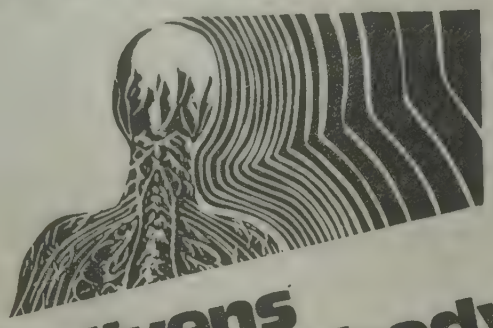
BLOOD DONATION DAY

October 1 is the day dedicated to the blood donors of the nation to honour them for their life-saving contributions for others, to hold them up as shining examples of what every healthy adult should emulate. Their contribution is priceless in terms of money, as a precious fluid like blood must not be degraded by attaching a price tag to it.

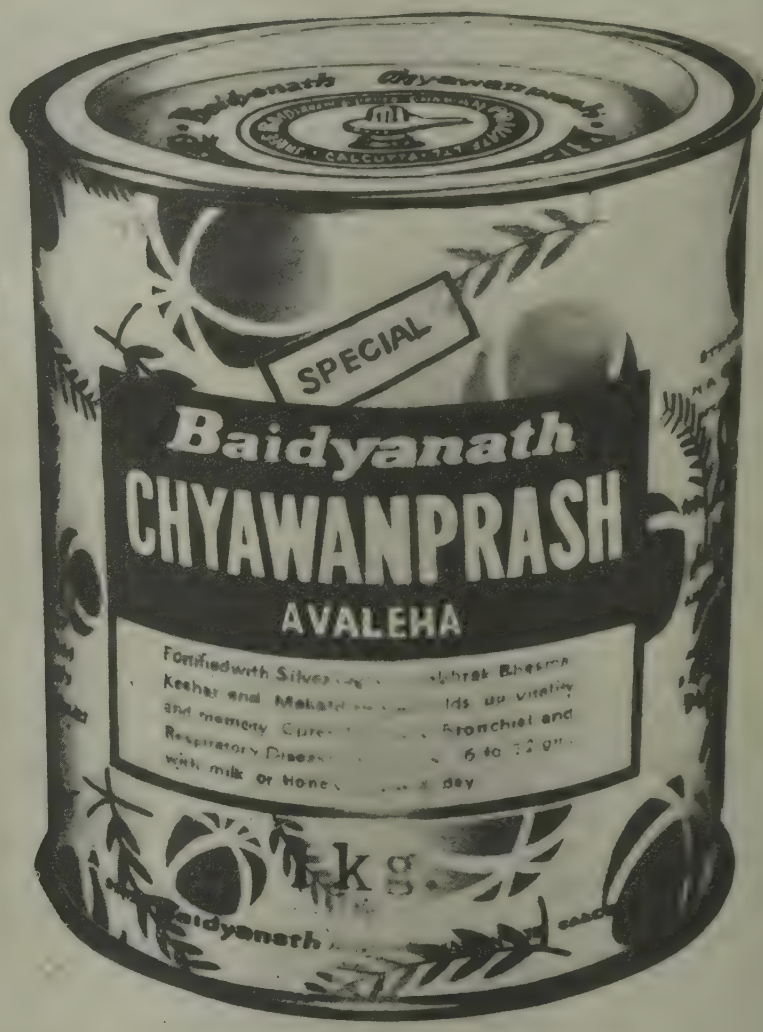
Thousands of people throughout India make a simple offering on that day for someone known or even unknown, an offering of their blood in the knowledge that it will rekindle life for someone else, in the hope that by so doing they will bring a glimmer of hope to a family lying in the shadow of death. By making this gesture, which involves neither pain nor effort nor money, they will be evincing their humanitarian concern and a sense of responsibility towards their fellow human beings.

Baidyanath

CHYAWANPRASH



Enlivens your mind and body



- Rich in natural Vitamin C
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THE BLOOD FACTOR

sibly every week or ten days by assuming false names and going to different centres each time. Again, if the blood group happens to be a rare one the commercial blood bank has no compunction in adulterating it by dilution in order to earn the price of two units for one. Is this the blood which we want to give to our patients?

FACTS ABOUT DONATING BLOOD

Is there anything to be afraid of about giving blood?

No. There are donors who have given 50 to 150 times.

Is the needle painful?

No, a local anaesthetic prevents you from feeling it.

How long does it take?

The actual blood donation takes only 5-10 minutes. The whole process, from medical check to the post donation refreshment, takes only half an hour

Surely I need all my blood. How can I give away some of my blood without being weaker?

Such a small percentage of the total content is taken (about ½ to ¾ of a pint according to how much you weigh) that your body doesn't miss it.

How soon will my body replace it?

The fluid loss is replaced when you have a relaxing drink afterwards. Your body quickly sets to work to replace the cells with healthy new ones in 2-3 weeks, just like cutting your hair.

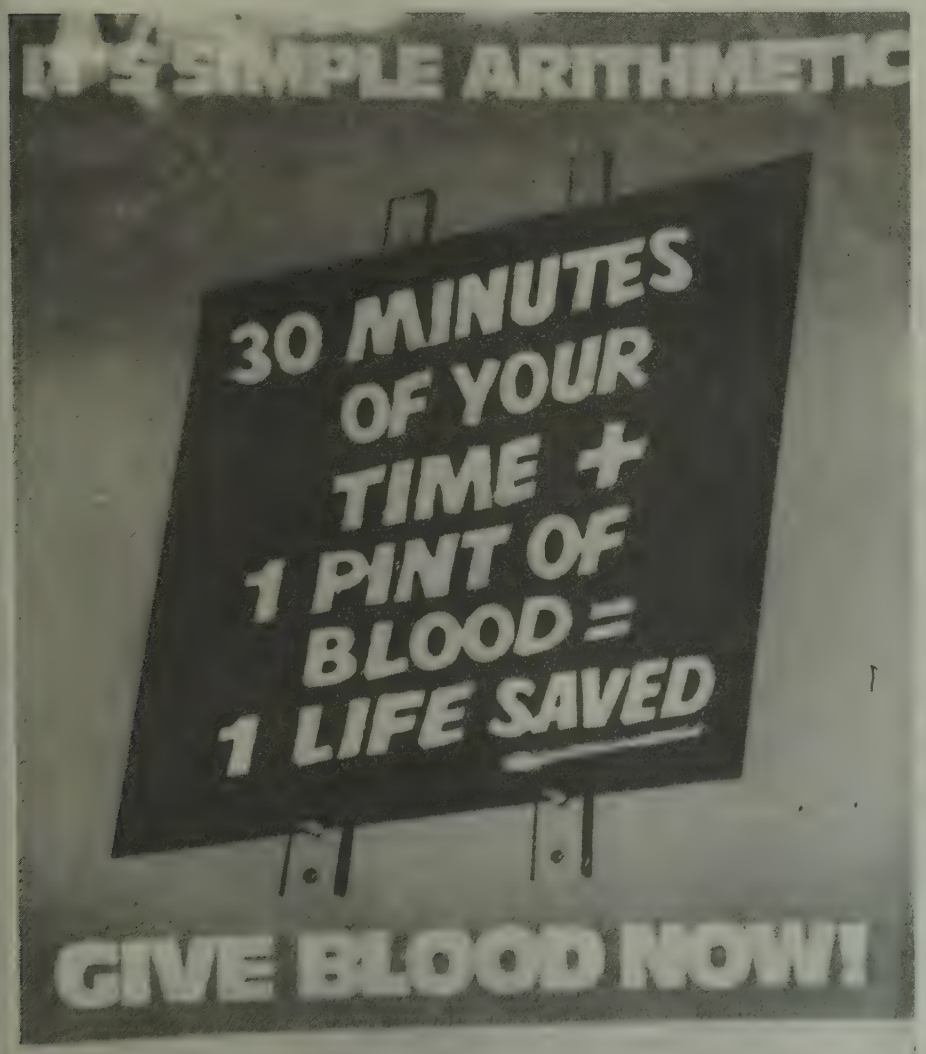
How often can I give?

Every three months, of course if you are in reasonably good health.

Why are you asking me to be a blood donor?

Because even today blood still cannot be manufactured and only the gift of blood from one person to another can save a life which depends on it. The knowledge that you have helped restore health to someone else should give you a feeling of achievement.

Dr. J .G. Jolly is Director. Blood Transfusion Dept. Postgraduate Institute of Medical Education & Research, Chandigarh.



Posters Courtesy : International Posters on Blood Donation

ISBT SYMPOSIUM ON "Diseases Transmitted Through Blood" and WHO Workshop on "Standardisation of Procedures and Quality Control in Blood Banking" Chandigarh, India, March 2 — 8, 1980.

Chandigarh, India, was the venue of a collaborative venture of the International Society of Blood Transfusion, the WHO and the Indian Society of Blood Transfusion and Immunohaematology for an International Symposium on "Diseases Transmitted Through Blood" and a WHO assisted workshop on "Standardisation of Procedures and Quality Control in Blood Banking." About 250 national and international blood transfusion workers participated in the week long event. The occasion provided an opportunity for international scientists to appraise themselves about the condition under which blood transfusion services are run in a developing country. At the same time, the 200 blood transfusion workers from within India got a valuable insight into the highly developed level of the blood transfusion services in most of the developed countries.

A popular part of the event was an exhibition of motivational material which had been collected from various centres around the world. Aesthetically arranged by the members of the Blood Bank Society, Chandigarh, the exhibition hall attracted an impressive number of visitors who gleaned ideas about the approaches which other centres use to motivate their communities. Imaginative posters, cartoons, badges, medals, stickers, certificates, etc., carried both humourous and serious appeals asking for blood donation.

The theme of Blood Donation through the language of flowers formed a unique part of the occasion. Sixteen Ikebana arrangements depicted slogans like "Blood Bank build it up, you may need it some day," "Blood donors bring sunshine," "Life is meant for sharing, donate blood", "Keep the flame of life burning," etc. Several cameras clicked to capture the beauty of gorgeous flowers which conveyed the life-saving message through their floral language.

THE ISBT&I

The Indian Society of Blood Transfusion & Immunohaematology was constituted in 1972 with the purpose of building up a mass movement in favour of voluntary blood donation and against commercialisation. With the aim of achieving a completely voluntary system throughout India by 1980, it has approached various organisations and authorities concerned to take steps to remedy the present situation.

The Society has urged the Health Ministry to adopt a national policy based on voluntary donation. Its proposals include enabling legislation banning any trade in blood, delicensing of commercial blood banks and a nationwide campaign to educate people about the harmlessness of blood donation. Unless active support is forthcoming from the governmental machinery and the public, blood transfusion in the country will not succeed in becoming a truly life saving service.

BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE by Shashi Deshpande; I.B.H. Publishing Company; Price Rs. 12.

With "The Hidden Treasure" Shashi Deshpande emerges as the Indian answer to Enid Blyton in the realm of children's fiction. The book captures the mood and atmosphere of a child's world but like Enid Blyton's tales, glamorizes children into stereotyped ideals. There is excitement, adventure and the story moves at a rapid pace, but at the end of the book the child is left exactly where he started — his field of knowledge has not been widened. With a wealth of good reading material now available to English readers, the modern child grows away from this type of story telling much faster than children did a generation ago.

THE ECCENTRICITY FACTOR by Dolly Thakore; Vikas Publishing House; Price Rs. 35.

A FLIGHT OF PIGEONS by Ruskin Bond; India Book House; Price Rs. 8.

There is a common strain running through Dolly Thakore's "The Eccentricity Factor" and Ruskin Bond's "A Flight of Pigeons". Both writers have writen a first person narrative, but have taken the role of the opposite sex. It takes a writer of considerable guile to do this successfully. Not only does it require total identification with the character created, his lifestyle and the period in which he lived. it also demands a mental break from one's own conditioning. And if a writer does not manage the transformation successfully it could be due to an ingeniousness that could hardly be considered a failure.

In her personal life Dolly Thakore has never been held back by the constraints of feminine conditioning and therefore has no problem in identifying with her subject. In fact, Ms. Thakore succeeds in assuming the male identity to such a degree that one is tempted to speculate whether the book was ghost-written. Krishnan, a senior civil servant, is caught up in a political imbroglio when a research economist he has sent to a neighbouring country is accused of spying. Even as he smooths out diplomatic relations, he finds suspicion settling on himself — that he has planted the spy. It is in his attempts to exonerate himself that the real workings of the Indian bureaucracy are exposed — the wranglings and jealousies, the laissaz-faire attitude towards integrity, the petty, personal motives that underline even international relations.

Ms. Thakore reveals an astonishing knowledge not only of the foreign office and its functionings but also of the intricate liaisons formed in the capital city's social circuit. The book leaves one reflecting that if this is the way the country is being run it might actually be good to have a total revolution. One takes comfort in that it is only fiction. Yet one knows that fiction can be startlingly close to fact.

Ruskin Bond has taken on a much more formidable task. Not only does he take the role of a woman, but the woman is only a young girl. Moreover, he moves out of contemporary times into another period of history. It is not easy to become a fourteen-year-old girl who lived a hundred years ago. Along some dimensions the book works, along others it doesn't. Historically and sociologically it captures the mood of the times — the loyalty of family retainers, the khandani pride of Pathans, the intricate web of relationships between women in a zenana. But as a man and an adult, Mr. Bond has failed to enter the mind of a fourteen-year-old girl.

The story is set during the indian Mutiny of 1857. Ruth Labrador, a young girl of mixed parentage, European and Muslim, finds herself caught up in the raging communal holocaust. Her father is killed. She and her mother, Mariam, are forced to seek refuge in the home of a servant, from where they are abducted by Javed, a Pathan who is determined to take Ruth for his second wife. This brings out the firebrand in Mariam who is transformed into a virtual tigress protecting her young.

It is in the characterization of Mariam that Mr. Bond fails. She emerges as an intellectual's misguided concept of a strong woman — intelligent, courageous, resourceful. But would a mother only be a strong woman in the eyes of a daughter? Surely a daughter sharing a period of anguish with her would see her loneliness, her griefs, her fears. Mr. Bond has created a heroine for his novel. Ruth would have seen her mother as a total person. Herein lies the difference.

A Flight of Pigeons is illustrated by Imtiaz Dharkar.

INDRANI AND THE ENCHANTED JUNGLE by Tara Ali Baig; Price Rs. 24.50.

THE FORBIDDEN SEA by Tara Ali Baig; Price Rs. 10.50.

MY PICTURE BOOK OF INDIAN WILD ANIMALS (a set of two); Price Rs. 15 each.

DEE KAY AND THE MYSTERY OF THE LAUGHING NATARAJ by Jacqueline Singh; Price Rs. 14.

All published by Thomson Press.

With these five new books, Thomsons are further staking their claim towards becoming the leading publishers of children's books in India. All the books are well brought-out and are recommended additions to a child's library.

The two books on "Indian Wild Animals" are sponsored by the World Wildlife Fund. The most outstanding feature about these is the photography so that they are not merely children's books but also appeal to animal lovers and photography enthusiasts. Lucid colour pictures are accompanied by a brief description of the natural habitat and lifestyle of each animal — enough to satisfy a young child and to whet the appetite of an older one into wanting to know more. The only thing one wonders about is how it was possible to photograph so many wild animals looking straight into the camera lens.

Story telling comes naturally to Tara Ali Baig, whose two books "The Forbidden Sea" and "Indrani and the Enchanted Jungle" inform, and amuse. and stimulate. "The Forbidden Sea" is about a young boy from a Bombay fishing community, who stows away on an Arab dhow and becomes a pearl diver. Ms. Baig does not simply tell the story. She gives her young reader information on pearl diving, fascinates him with the mysteries of the sea and injects him with a wide-eyed thirst for adventure. In "Indrani" she takes the child on an Alice in Wonderland kind of journey, with each adventure more ludicurous and imaginative than the next, till the climax is reached in a "war" in which the "enemy" is "defeated" by rosagolla, gulab jamun and jalebi "bombs." Manjula Padmanaban's illustrations heighten the humour of a racy text.

"Dee Kay and the Mystery of the Laughing Nataraj" is about four school children stumbling on to a stolen antique in a historical ruin. As they outwit rival group of smugglers and return the statue to the police they grow to value the team-work that made it possible, and also develop their individual sense of self-worth.

A significant feature about the books is the comparative absence of proof-reading errors for which Indian publishers are, for some reason, notorious. For children who are yet struggling with spellings, meanings and grammar, this can make for a vital difference.

Meher Pestonji

Some of the most beautiful moments in a woman's life are shared by Khatau.

Terkosa Sarees from Khatau

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

YOU MEAN WE PAY THIS MUCH MONEY FOR INCOME TAX? THAT'S AWFUL!
1040 — 1979
I'M GOING RIGHT DOWN TO INTERNAL REVENUE AND GIVE THEM A PIECE OF MY MIND!
THEY'VE GOT TO STOP TAKING ALL OUR MONEY!
BACK SO SOON? WHAT DID THEY SAY?
I DIDN'T TALK TO ANYONE -
THERE WERE QUITE A FEW PEOPLE AHEAD OF ME SO I HAD TO TAKE A NUMBER - I'M WAITING MY TURN -
3-9
WHAT NUMBER DID YOU GET?
324,675,249 -
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"I hear you've signed up as skipper on the good ship matrimony."

"No, my wife is the skipper. I married a widow. I'm her second mate."

* * *

Hubby: "You're three-quarters of an hour late. What do you mean keeping me standing around like a fool."

Wifey: "I can't help the way you stand."

* * *

She (back from a honeymoon in Switzerland): "Don't you remember that wonderful gorge in the Alps, dear."

He: "Sure do. It was the squarest meal I ever had."

* * *

Wifey: "Do you love me still?"

Hubby: "I might if you'd stay still long enough."

* * *

Bridegroom: "I want a room, please, for my wife and myself."

Manager: "Suite, sir?"

Bridegroom: "She's more than sweet; she's perfect."

* * *

Mrs. Brown was displaying a large lampshade she had just bought.

"Isn't that perfectly lovely my dear? And it cost only two dollars."

Her husband looked anything but pleased.

"If you wear that to church tomorrow," he said, "you'll go alone. There are limits to everything including hats."

* * *

"I understand your wife is quite ill."

"Yes, she had a slight cold; tried to cure herself by reading a daily health hint and is suffering from a typographical error."

* * *

Mr. Tomkins found some holes in his socks and asked his wife: "Why haven't you mended these?"

"Did you buy that coat you promised me?"

"No," he replied.

"Well, if you don't give a wrap, I don't give a darn."

* * *

"Has the laundry made a mistake?" asked Suresh. "This shirt is so tight I can hardly breathe."

"It's your shirt all right," answered his wife, "but you've got your head through a buttonhole."

* * *

They'd been having "words" because he came home late again.

"Well, at any rate, I'm a man of my word," he snapped angrily. "I do call a spade a spade."

"Maybe," his wife retorted, "but you don't call a club a club, you call it working late."

* * *

A young reporter, told to cut down the size of his news stories, wrote his next as follows:

Mr. Gopal Das looked up the shaft at a hotel this morning to see if the lift was coming down. It was. Aged — 25."

* * *

Teacher: "Now, children, if I saw a man beating up a donkey, and stopped him, what virtue would I be showing?"

Bright Pupil: "Brotherly love."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

A TOUCH OF LACE

CLEVER WAYS TO USE LITTLE LACE BITS LYING AT HOME

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT :

Rouche up a lace to form a pretty collar — so lovely for a party on a crepe de chine pastel blouse.

Small bits of lace insertions form interesting shoulder yokes. Dye them to match your blouse colour.

Tucks and a lace yoke complete this romantic Victorian look — gathered cuffs add glamour. Try it on a lavender polyester chiffon or crepe de chine.

Lace with a scalloped edge cut up to look like a Japanese fan. Floral spray and sequins add to an interesting pallav border. Pretty on pastel chiffon.

Crisscross lace insertions add novelty to a sari skirt. Lace blouse to match if possible — adds daintiness to the outfit.

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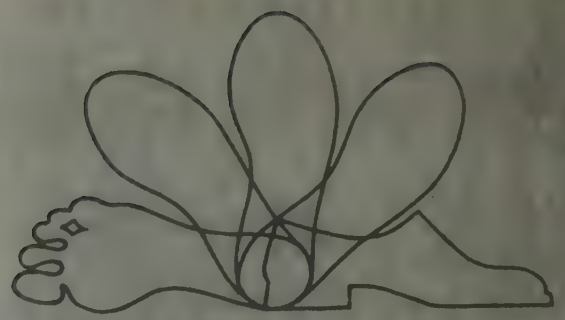

Bata understands shoes

Dreamflower-81
Sizes 3-7

Dreamflower-80
Sizes 3-7

Bata

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY IN BAD WEATHER

Homi Kharas

Rainy, dull weather should be no excuse for putting away your camera. With today's fast films you can take some really interesting pictures in dull, misty weather. The absence of bright sun helps to eliminate those violent contrasts of light and shade which often ruin photographs.

Our first picture is a dramatic study of gathering storm. The bare tree stands defiant against the backdrop of a threatening sky. Although a yellow filter was used for this shot, rain clouds can be photographed without one as they are grey in tone.

My second picture, "Birthplace Revisited", was taken on a foggy, misty day. The mist creates a progressive recession of tones, if I may so put it. From the deep black of the stone steps the picture displays a wide range of greys, giving an excellent perspective to the photograph. The curtain of mist really makes the picture.

Do make a point of wiping your camera dry after using it in inclement weather.

1

2

3

4

WARDROBE MAGIC

The ever enterprising fashion trade now introduces a whole range of superbly printed churidar-kameez suits and uniquely printed sarees for the fashion conscious teens of today. These young fashion setters, always on the alert for new styles, new combination of print and colour, will whoop with joy at this new slant on apparel.

RONAK KAPADIA, the young and talented designer, has imaginatively created new designs to captivate the young at heart. Special attention has been given to saree designs to ensure that they stay looking gorgeous over the years.

So take your choice from these lively, boldly printed, exciting new churidar suits and sarees which Ronak offers at her exhibition-cum-sale to be held at Aakar Art Gallery on October 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1980.

1. A beige silk saree with a jacobean print in brown has a horizontal striped pallav achieving a striking effect.

2. Step out gracefully and colourfully in this churidar-kameez ensemble teamed with a striped jacket to match the striped pattern on the kurta.

3. An eye-catching churidar-kameez set in dramatic black and white can be worn with or without a dupatta; Borders fall vertically on a loose fitting kurta with a printed churidar to match.

4. Unusual and attractive — colourful stripes accentuate the pallav edge, falling diagonally in a unique pattern with a broad panel with a traditional print.

5. Just right for the evening get-together — an offwhite silk saree, attractively printed at the skirt border and pallav in a floral design.

Location Courtesy : Hotel Poonam International, Bombay.

Photographs : Taiyab Badshah

5

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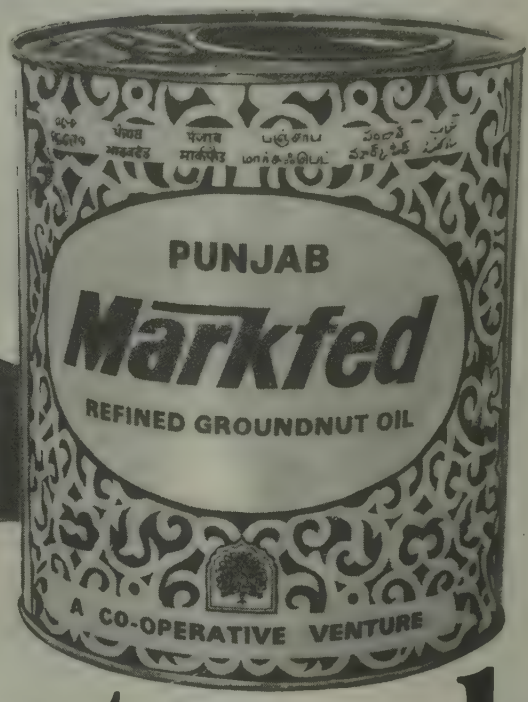

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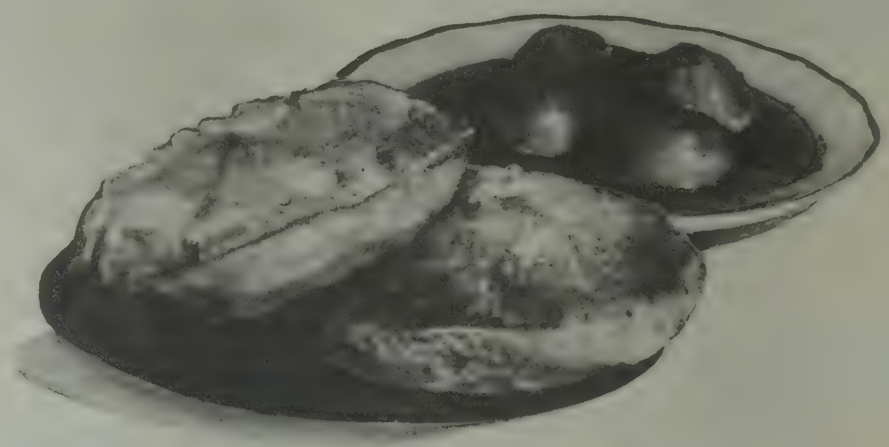

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

PARKASH DILBAGH SINGH

WELFARE WORK

As President of the Air Force Wives Welfare Association (AFWWA) Western Air Command (Regional), Parkash Dilbagh Singh, wife of Air Marshal Dilbagh Singh, Air officer Commanding-in-chief, Western Command, brings guidance, help and hope to hundreds of Air Force Wives and widows. She is, like an elder sister to them, affectionate, approachable almost humble, putting at ease even the most junior of wives.

Elegant, well groomed, Parkash Singh, spoke to us in her soft voice about AFWWA and its contribution towards the welfare of the air force wives and personnel. "Wives of all officers and air-men are members, as are the widows of officers and airmen. We have through this Association done a lot of rehabilitation work." She also talked about the main areas of activity of the AFWWA.

a) Rehabilitation of war widows of course is the primary object so that they can live comfortably and with dignity.

b) To help the Air Force personnel to educate their children, granting scholarships and grants wherever required.

c) The AFWWA also runs vocational schools for training the wives and widows in various craft and giving sewing machines and knitting machines.

d) It has to liaise with the government and other private firms to find jobs for qualified widows and their dependents.

e) While the Air Force officers and the crew are busy with their flying tasks, the AFWWA members not only contribute time to vocational activities but also towards cultural activities.

She has her hands full with all the AFWWA activities but she is in particular dedicated to the cause of children's education and their health. Besides opening a number of nursery schools, she has managed with the help of AFWWA, to open a string of "Healthy Baby Clinics", to improve maternity and child welfare programmes.

Mrs. Parkash Singh was born into a family of farmers — the only child. The family had a huge estate and wanted a son to look after the farms and the estates. Parkash never let them feel the absence of a son. She lived with the soil, the rain and the sun and worked in the fields for hours together. She learned all about the crops and fertilizers.

Parkash Singh is a lady of many talents. Her collection of driftwood is exquisite and varied, and she is soon planning an exhibition of 150 very unusual pieces. She is also an Interior decorator and an excellent cook.

"The women who become Air Force wives begin by marrying the man, only to discover that they have also married a way of life," said Parkash Singh. 'For many, being an Air Force wife means being number two, with the service coming first. More and more Air Force wives have ceased thinking of themselves as dependents and have begun to see themselves as active partners who contribute economically and emotionally to the well-being of the family and indirectly to the efficiency of the service."

Pushpa Hans

NILOUFER ICHAPORIA

ACADEMIC HONOURS

Early in 1980, Niloufer Ichaporia was awarded a doctorate in Anthropology from the University of California, Berkely, which was a high point in a career conspicuous for a number of academic honours and awards.

Born in Bombay, Niloufer received her early education at the Presentation Convent, Kodaikanal. After doing her First Year Arts at Sophia College, Bombay, she joined St. Xavier's College, choosing sociology and psychology as her subjects. She graduated with a first in 1968.

Prior to her graduation, she had already spent a few years in the US. where she worked as Production Assistant at the T.V. station WHA — T.V. University of Wisconsin, Madison, assisting in all significant phases of television production.

Thereafter she obtained an assignment as Librarian and Research Assistant for the Development of Maternal & Child Health, Behavioural Sciences at the Johns Hopkins School of Science & Public Health, Baltimore.

Then early in the 70's Niloufer Ichaporia joined the University of California, Berkeley. In 1973 she passed the M.A. exam in Design and a year later in Anthropology. Her thesis was "Sons of Vishvakarma: the development of an exhibition of Indian Arts for the Lowie Museum of Anthropology." She worked as a Curatorial Assistant for the Lowie Museum and delivered a number of guest lectures at various universities. A paper read to the Kroeber Anthropological Society, Berkeley was "Fantasy or Phantasmagoria? India over the counter at Bloomingdales".

In the course of her academic activities she has undertaken many teaching and research assignments. As a field analyst at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley, she conducted interviews and analysed data for a U.S. Department of Energy study of the petroleum industry. At present she is Research Fellow at the Lowie Museum of Anthropology, Berkeley. She is an anthropological specialist on international marketing, craft and tourism development and cross-cultural communication.

Niloufer has travelled widely to enlarge the scope of her knowledge in her special field of studies. She has studied the folk arts of Mexico, Guatemala and Belize. On a visit to India, she acquired a major collection of Indian artifacts for the Lowie Museum. She was awarded a Regents' Travelling Fellowship by the University of California in 1976-77, which took her to Japan, Taipei, Hongkong, Thailand and finally India. She is also a linguist knowing French, Spanish, Hindi, Urdu, Gujarati and having a working knowledge of Portuguese and Italian.

Eddie J. S. Godinho

KNIT-KNACKS from Raymond's

BAG WITH 'VAISHALI'

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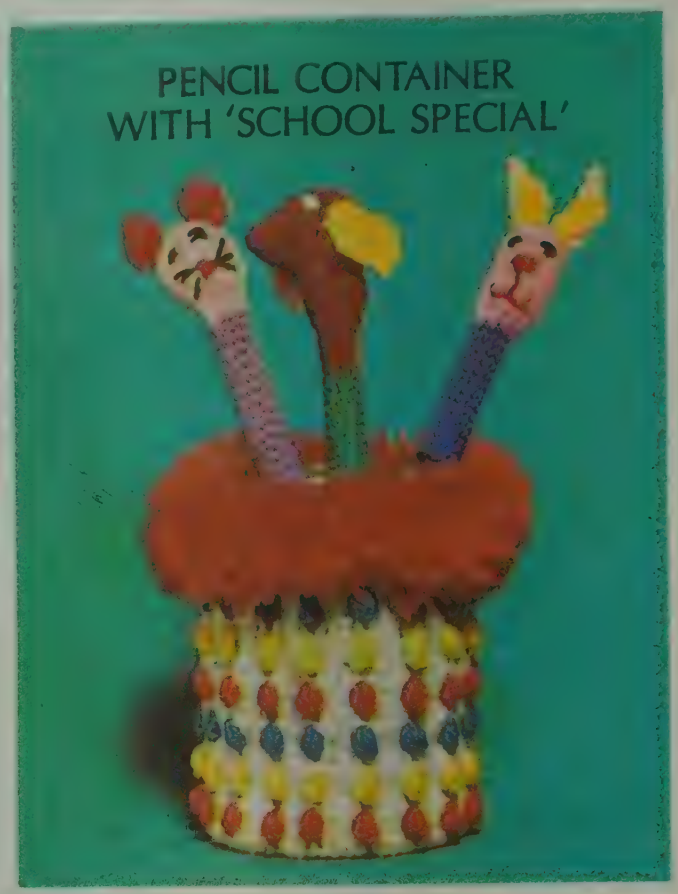

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PERSONAL CHOICE:

A SWEET WELCOME !

This festive season our hostess MRS. NIRU MIRANI greets the cookery page with a number of traditional Bengali and Gujarati "mithais" — all evolved by her keeping in mind simplicity in the preparation and the easy availability of the ingredients. Though the cost of sugar is increasingly high, these home made mithais will cost you considerably less than those sold in shops.

With cooking as her hobby, Mrs. Mirani takes private classes in baking and specialises in sweetmeat preparations and eggless cakes. She gives free demonstrations to students at various women's organisations. Her other interests include embroidery, sewing and handicrafts.

Photograph : Taiyab Badshah

COCONUT MESUB

1 cup dessicated coconut
1 cup sugar.
1 cup ghee, melted

Put water up to sugar level. Heat until the sugar dissolves. Add ghee and coconut. Cook stirring continuously in clock wise direction. When pink in colour, stop and mix cardamom powder. Spread in a greased thali. Decorate with silver foil.

GOL PAPDI

1 cup thin slice of jaggery
1 cup wheat flour
¾ cup ghee
½ tsp. ginger powder
2 tbsps. dry coconut, grated

Heat the ghee. Mix in flour and keep stirring, till brown. Add coconut and dry ginger powder

and jaggery. Mix well. In a greased thali spread the mixture evently. Decorate with rose petals or remaining grated coconut.

CHOCO-WALNUT HORNS

FOR THE CHOCO WALNUT·

300 grams khoya
200 grams sugar
½ cup walnuts, crushed
1 tsp. cocoa
1 tsp. drinking chocolate

FOR THE DOUGH:

6 horn moulds
200 grams flour
1 tsp. powdered sugar
½ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. ghee
Ghee for frying

Mix all the ingredients together given for the dough. Cover with wet muslin. Grease the horns from outside. Roll out thin chappati. Cut into half inch strips. Cover in spirals the outside of the moulds. Bind with little water. Deep fry, or bake, with moulds. Remove the moulds and keep the horns aside.

FOR THE CHOCO WALNUT:

Mix sugar and water. Stir until thread like consistency. Add khoya, cocoa, chocolate powder and walnut. Mix well.

Fill the corn with choco walnut. Decorate with silver balls and half cut cherry in the middle.

MOHAN THAL

1 cup gram flour
1 level cup sugar
¾ cup ghee
½ cup milk

FOR THE DECORATION:

2 tbsps. half crushed cardamom

Heat the milk and quarter cup ghee separately. Mix with flour. Press it lightly. Keep aside for fifteen minutes. Sieve it. Heat another half cup ghee. Add the sieved granules. Simmer on low flame, until golden brown. Keep aside. Mix sugar and water. Stir on high flame, until thread like consistency.

Mix syrup and golden fried granules. Mix well and spread on a greased thali. Cool and cut into pieces when slightly hot. Decorate with cardamoms.

GHUGHRA

FOR THE DOUGH:

250 grams flour
2 tbsps. ghee
½ cup milk

FOR THE FILLING:

50 grams khoya
50 grams semolina
2 tbsps. sugar
1 tbsp. cashewnut, powdered
1 tsp. cardamom powder
1 tbsp. poppy seeds
1 tbsp. ghee
Ghee for deep frying

Heat khoya for five minutes. Remove. Heat semolina separately for five minutes. Mix all the ingredients in one thali. Mix one tablespoon ghee in the flour. Rub lightly. Form into a dough. Roll into small puris. Stuff each puri with the above mixture. Fold into half. Cut the edges with a cutter. Place one clove over it. Deep fry on slow flame.

CHURMA LADOO

2 cups wheat flour
1 cup semolina
½ cup ghee or breadcrumbs for deep frying
2 cups jaggery, thinly sliced
1½ cups hot water

Mix flour, semolina and ghee until it resembles breadcrumbs. Add water and form into a hard dough. Make oblong shapes. Fry till brown. Crush and sieve it. Heat the remaining ghee and jaggery. Mix with granules. Make balls. Decorate with poppy seeds. If desired, add nutmeg powder.

RASMADHURI

Paneer made from 1 litre milk
3 cups sugar
6½ cups water
1 tsp. flour

FOR THE FILLING·

100 grams khoya
1½ cups sugar, crushed
Silver foil
3 tsps. rose water
3 tbsps. milk
1 drop orange colour

Mix flour and paneer together. Knead well and make ten flat round balls. Boil the syrup. When it begins to boil, add all the pieces. Boil for five minutes. Cover and cook for ten minutes, and half covered for five minutes. Sprinkle sugar. Next day remove the pieces from the syrup and spread the khoya mixture over it. Put a drop of orange colour and sprinkle cardamom powder.

KALA JAMUN

200 grams khoya
Paneer made from 1 litre milk
½ cup flour
½ tsp. ghee
2½ tsps. sugar
½ tsp. soda-bicarb, dissolved in 1 tsp. water
1 tsp. red colour
Ghee for frying

FOR THE SYRUP:

2 cups sugar
2½ cups water

Prepare the syrup by boiling the sugar and water together till sticky and of a dropping consistency.

Mix khoya, paneer, flour, ghee, soda-bicarb, sugar and red colour. Knead well. Divide into twelve oblong pieces. Deep fry to dark brown colour on a slow flame. Then put in syrup. Allow to settle on its own without stirring.

COOKERY QUEEN

VIJAYA LAKSHMI DWIVEDY, New Delhi.

Vijaya wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Saucepan from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, an oval Casserole or 4 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works, a Sainik Pressure Cooker from Evergreen Trades and Agencies and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

COLOURFUL CASSEROLE

FOR THE TOMATO RICE:

250 grams fine rice
2 cups tomato juice
½ tsp. each ginger and garlic paste
1 clove
1 cardamom
1 onion
2 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

FOR THE SPINACH ROLLS :

6-8 large spinach leaves
1½ cups mashed paneer
1 onion, sliced
½ inch piece ginger, minced
2 green chillis, minced
A few raisins

FOR THE TOPPING :

2 eggs
Salt and pepper

Beat all the three together and keep aside.

FOR THE RICE :

Soak the rice for fifteen minutes. Finely slice the onion and fry in ghee. Add ginger-garlic paste. Brown slightly. Add the dry condiments and rice and stir for five to seven minutes. Pour in the tomato juice, salt and enough water to cook the rice. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer till rice is done.

FOR THE ROLLS :

Fry the onion in ghee and add the minced ginger and green chillis. Add the mashed paneer and mix well. Add raisins fry a little more and remove. Wash the spinach leaves carefully. Blanch for a few minutes and spread flat. Spread a little paneer mixture on each leaf and roll up carefully, not very tight.

TO ASSEMBLE :

Put tomato rice in a greased casserole. Arrange spinach rolls in a criss-cross or in any desired design so that the tomato rice is not entirely covered. Pour the beaten egg over the rolls leaving parts of green exposed. Bake moderately till eggs are set. Serve steaming hot.

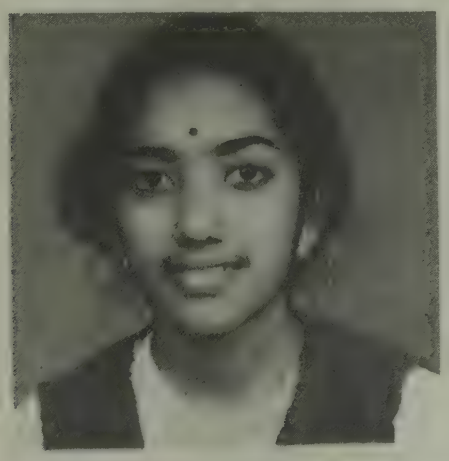
RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

S. Radhikha, Madras.

ORANGE SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

1 kg sweet potatoes
4 medium oranges
1/3 cup brown sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tsps. salt
1 tsp. nutmeg
100 grams peanuts
50 grams walnuts

Boil, peel and mash the sweet potatoes. Beat the brown sugar, melted butter, salt and nutmeg until smooth. Add the mashed sweet potatoes. Chop the nuts and add half of the nuts to the above mixture. Section the oranges and fold half the orange segments into the potato mixture. Pile the mixture into the casserole dish. In a bowl combine the remaining nuts, one tablespoon brown sugar and two tablespoons melted butter. Sprinkle on top of the potato mixture in a circle overlapping one another. Bake for one hour.



Miss Sanjana Laxman, Coimbatore.

SEA FOOD DUMPLING CASSEROLE

300 grams prawns, fried
3 capsicums, diced and cooked
1 cup peas, cooked
1 cup carrots, cubed and cooked
1 cup mushrooms, sliced and cooked
1 tin sweet corn pulp
1 cup stock (fish or vegetable)
1 cup thick coconut milk extract
2 tbsps. cornflour
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
2 large onions, chopped
2 tsps. chilli powder
1 tsp. pepper powder
1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
2 tbsps. oil

FOR THE DUMPLINGS :

2 cups cooked fish, flaked
2 cups flour
6 green chillis, ground
1 inch piece ginger, ground
2 large eggs
¼ tsp. baking soda
2 tsps. oil
Salt to taste
Oil for deep frying

Mix all the ingredients given for the dumplings using a little milk to make a cake like batter dough. Heat oil and make dumplings using a large spoon for each dumpling. Fry till golden brown. Drain and keep aside. Fry onions in oil till golden colour. Add chilli powder and pepper powder. Fry for two minutes. Mix corn, tomato sauce, stock and cook until it starts boiling. Mix cornflour to the coconut milk and add to the cooking with salt to taste. Remove from fire when thick. Add monosodium glutamate. In a casserole put vegetables, prawns and dumplings covering each with a layer of prepared sauce alternately. Keep the filled casserole over low fire and bring to a boil. Serve hot over fried bread.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

WEEKLY WINNER

L. R. D'SILVA, Bombay.

Mrs. D'Silva wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and a 2 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

SPAGHETTI AND PRAWN CASSEROLE

200 grams spaghetti
400 grams green peas, boiled
1 cup cheese, grated
12 spring onions, chopped
2 cups milk
4 tbsps. butter or ghee
3 tbsps. flour
3 tbsps. cashewnuts, chopped
1 tsp. mustard powder
½ tsp. pepper powder
Breadcrumbs and butter for topping

FOR THE PRAWN MIXTURE :

3 onions
½ tsp. cummin
½ tsp. mustard
10 dry chillis
8 peppercorns
8 cloves garlic, flaked
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
Vinegar
Salt to taste
Oil
1 cup prawns

Boil the spaghetti. Drain under cold water. Fry the nuts in a little butter. Remove and keep aside. Heat the remaining butter. Fry the onions till transparent. Mix in flour and blend well. Remove and stir in the milk gradually till a smooth sauce is obtained. Pour in the leftover water from the boiled peas. Cook till the sauce thickens. Remove and mix in three fourths of the grated cheese. And spaghetti, fried nuts and season well.

FOR THE PRAWN MIXTURE :

Grind all the ingredients in vinegar, except the onions and prawns. Put oil in a pan and lightly fry the chopped onions. When transparent, add masala paste and salt to taste. Add the prawns and cook till dry.

TO ASSEMBLE :

Grease a large baking dish. Divide the spaghetti mixture into two. Pour in one portion. Evenly spread the prawn mixture over it. Then pour in the other portion of the spaghetti. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese and breadcrumbs Dot with butter and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

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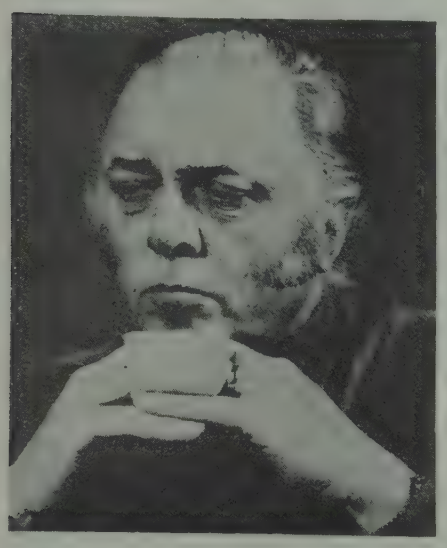
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Looks like showbiz folks are in for a lot of flak these days. First, **Richard Attenborough,** who is supposed to have nursed a two-decade-old dream to make a film on the life of Gandhiji, could not raise funds for the venture in his home country for a variety of reasons. He finally



managed to convince the Indian government of his sincerity, and the government sanctioned a generous amount to help him make the film. This drew the ire of local film-makers, who wanted to know why Attenborough was singled out for special treatment when none of them could get a government loan. The answer to that was that Gandhiji was a special subject and none of the Indian film types were ready to touch it with a barge pole. Attenborough, a superb salesman, came on Bombay TV and almost convinced his audience that he had every right to the Indian government's benevolence. Now that the film is definitely going to be launched, all the stars, new-wave and commercial, are in the running for the plum roles. Naseeruddin Shah, who has been angling to play Gandhiji, has lost the role to a little-known Anglo-Indian stage actor called **Benjamin,** who lives in London. Apparently, he closely resembles the Mahatma. And Kasturba's role, which was rejected by Jaya Bhaduri and coveted by Leela Naidu and Smita Patil, has finally gone to **Rohini Hattangadi,** a well-known Marathi stage actress.

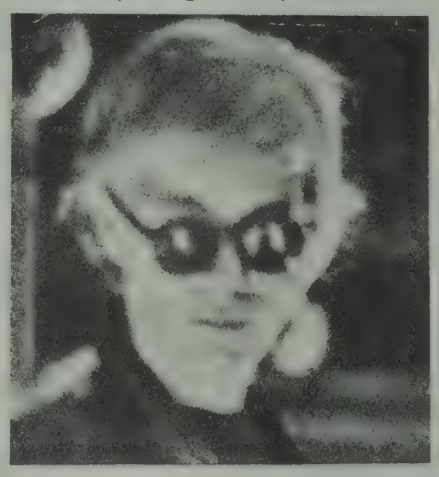
* * *

While the Attenborough controversy rages on, **Vijay Tendulkar,** a playwright who has always succeeded in moving his audience (with anger or admiration, as the case may be), ran into a different kind of problem. His Pune-based Theatre Academy was invited to stage his brilliant play, "Ghashiram Kotwal" at the international theatre festival in Germany. "Ghashiram", which has had 200 performances in India, initially ran into trouble because it portrayed the famous Chitpavan statesman, Nana Phadnavis, as an ageing, corrupt Lothario. The Shiv Sena took up the battle and said that the play showed Brahmins and Maharashtrians in a derogatory light and therefore should not be allowed to perform abroad. After several threats and a court injunction, a compromise has been reached whereby the troupe was allowed to leave, provided the synopsis at the beginning of the play tells the German audience what a great statesman Nana Phadnavis was.

The truth probably is that Nana Phadnavis was both a brilliant statesman and an ageing lecher. After all, he was human. So is it the playwright's job to portray him as a human being with all his frailties or paint him as a glossy history text book character? On the other hand, if the play had been showing the negative aspects of a minority community member, would the play have even been allowed to be performed in India? Our rules should be uniform, and grant freedom of expression to all. An example of this double standard can be seen in the hoo-ha created about the second running (the first time the Catholic community was strangely silent and convent schools even made block bookings to see the play) of "Jesus Christ Superstar", which was ultimately banned by the government for no valid reason at all.

Pop artist **Andy Warhol,** the idol of New York's sub-culture, has made some memorable films like "Sleep", "Flesh" and "Trash". Now, at the age of 52, he has started publishing a monthly magazine called "Interview", which is all about New York, the city he feels is the most exciting place in the world, where everything is bigger and better, people dress more smartly and the women are prettier. Warhol occasionaly helps his 20-odd staff with interviews.

Andy Warhol started his trip to tame via the commercial art circuit as a painter. It was only when he began painting Campbell soup cans and Coke bottles on canvases that people began to recognise him as a non-conformist. With his preoccupation with his new magazine, he has only the week-ends free for painting. When his friends urged him to portray what he loved best, he promptly began producing canvases depicting money!



Indian pop singer **Usha Uthup's** tour of Kenya seems to be jinxed. While standing outside the main gates of a casino in Nairobi with a couple of friends and talking, she noticed a scuffle outside. Suddenly, without warning, one of the men, believed to be drunk and a South Korean, rushed towards her and started assaulting her. Usha, in bed with two broken ribs, said sadly, "This is the first time I've missed a performance and let down my organisers." Her friends were also hit by the ruffians. Earlier, her vocalist had suffered a severe electric shock and had to be rushed to hospital. The police, who are investigating the case, are mystified by the unprovoked attack on Usha.

* * *

The romance hungry British press is at it again. This time they've connected **Prince Charles** with **Diana Spencer,** the 19-year-old daughter of a landed aristocrat, and the younger sister of Charles' old flame Sarah Spencer. Charles, 31, has often agreed that "around 30 is the best time to marry." His father, the Duke of Edinburgh, is said to have given him some fatherly advice recently, which amounted to, "Hurry up, or you'll miss the boat." The press claims that the Prince's relationship with Diana, who is a part-time nursery teacher, is in the early stages. Diana admitted to meeting the Prince, but said coyly, "I'm not allowed to talk about it."

UNKNOWN

We've heard of Count Dracula of Transylvania but this is the first time an entire village has seen a dracula. Ravi, the son of Lakshmanan, a rich landlord in Maycode village in Kerala, was suspected of attacking male babies and women. Earlier, when he was younger, villagers were appalled to find their fowl dead in the morning, drained of all blood. When they raised a hue and cry against Ravi, his father quietly sent him across the border to Tamil Nadu, to Parassala village. Here Ravi is alleged to have changed his modus operandi by prowling around at night and venturing home by daybreak. Acting on a tip-off, police arrested him in Arumanai village after a fierce struggle, during which Ravi bit some policemen.

Lakshmi Narayan

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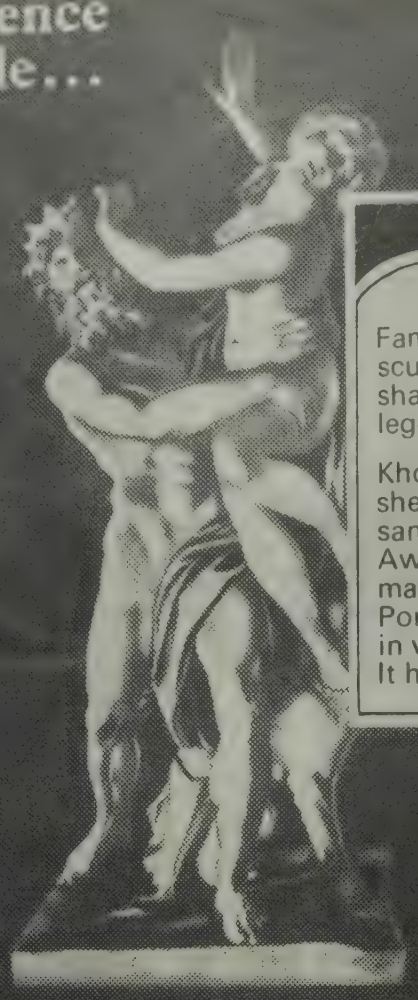

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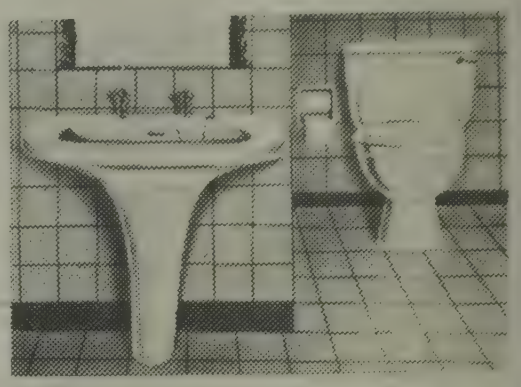

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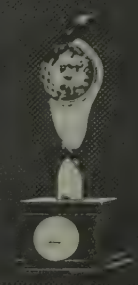

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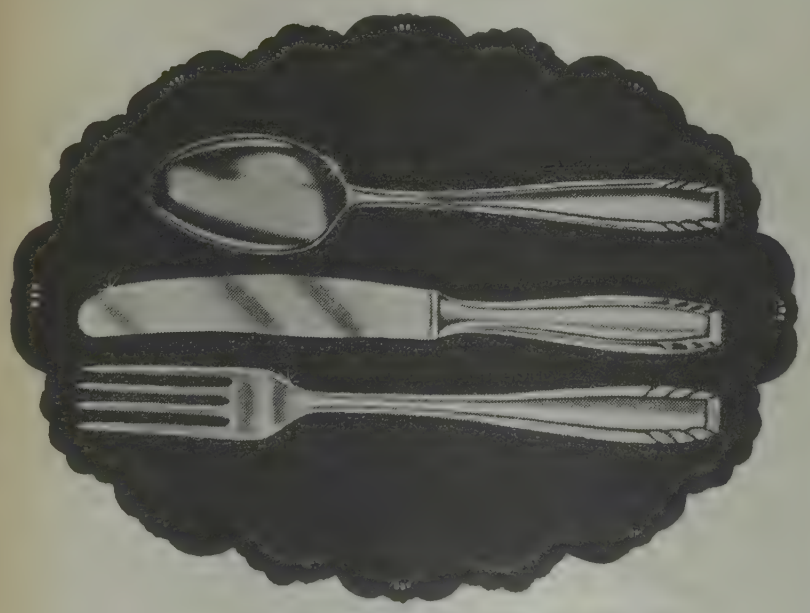

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THE LAW:

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

The law affects our lives much more than we tend to think. It pays to be aware of our existing rights, as well as the rights we have to fight for

THE WIFE'S RIGHT TO MAINTENANCE

Rita Rahimtoola

The wife's right to be maintained by her husband is an ancient one. This right has had to be given to her because being deprived of other property rights and the freedom and opportunity to earn her own living, she is unable to maintain herself Society has had to find ways of protecting the weaklings it has created. Hence, if a husband fails to maintain his wife on account of the marriage having turned sour, the wife is given the right to apply to the Court to make him do so.

The right to maintenance is a symbol of woman's subjugation and those women who recognise it as such, view it with abhorrence. However, most women do not dare to exercise even a right which is merely a salve for their wounds because they have been mentally conditioned to never oppose their menfolk and for them it is unthinkable to drag their husbands to Court. Even if they overcome this hurdle, which is one of attitude, there are other practical difficulties in the way, such as lack of money, know-how and connections. The husband usually has all these three on his side and uses them to browbeat the wife. Wives must withstand such pressures. The law can help them only if they are prepared to help themselves by seeking legal advice and aid. The law not only provides permanent maintenance for the wife, but also provides for her maintenance (alimony or maintenance pendente lite) while she is taking proceedings against her husband or defending herself in a suit instituted by him. The Court may also direct the husband to pay her legal costs if she is unable to meet them.

That the judiciary is giving a liberal interpretation to the wife's right to maintenance is borne out by two recent decisions from which women should take heart. Only last month (Sept. 17, 1980) Jaudge G. H. Guttal at the Bombay City Civil Court awarded Mrs. Meena Vinod Mehra, wife of actor Vinod Mehra Rs. 15,000 per month towards interim maintenance and Rs. 5,000 per month towards legal expenses on a notice of motion taken out by her in a suit filed against her by her husband for divorce on the ground of alleged cruelty. The importance of the judgement does not lie in the large sum awarded as interim maintenance but in the judge's recording the principle that the wife is entitled to enjoy the same status as that of the husband and as that enjoyed by her when they were staying together as husband and wife.

Another important decision in the matter of wife's maintenance was given by the Divisional Bench of the High Court of Bombay in **Dinesh Gijubhai Mehta v. Usha Dinesh Mehta (AIR 1979 Bom. 173).**

In this case the learned judges, Deshpande and Mrs. Manohar, JJ rejected the principle of granting the wife one-fifth of her husband's income as temporary maintenance followed in some earlier decisions. Section 24 of the Hindu Marriage Act lays down that the Court may award an interim monthly maintenance to a wife while a matrimonial suit is pending. The amount of such maintenance is what appears "reasonable" to the Court taking into account the incomes and other property of both husband and wife. The learned judges said, "Reasonableness itself is no doubt a relative term. . . Ordinarily reasonableness would require ensuring the receipt of the same amenities and comforts by the wife, as she was getting when residing with the husband as a member of his family minus the reduction necessitated by separation and creation of two establishments." It is clear that our judges do not view maintenance as the amount necessary only to hold body and soul together, and the wife can claim a substantial part of the income of the husband.

The wife's maintenance is of three types:

1) **Alimony pendente lite:** This is a temporary or interim maintenance awarded to the wife during the pendency of a matrimonial suit; it is awarded by the Judge on an application made by the wife; it is usually a sum payable monthly to the wife to enable her to maintain herself until the Court decides the suit.

2) **Permanent alimony:** This may be awarded to the wife by the Court at the time of passing the decree or at any subsequent time on an application made by the wife; it may be a lump sum or it may be a monthly or periodical sum.

3) **Maintenance under section 125 of the Criminal Procedure Code:** This order may be passed by a Magistrate on any husband who, having the means to do so, refuses to maintain his wife who is unable to maintain herself; the husband is ordered by the magistrate to pay the wife a monthly allowance; the allowance cannot exceed Rs. 500 per month. "Wife" includes a divorced wife who has not remarried, but it does not include a wife who (a) is living in adultery, or (b) refuses to live with her husband without sufficient reason, or (c) is living separately by mutual consent, or (d) has received her **mahr** (dower) on divorce (as per the personal law of Muslims), or (e) has voluntarily surrendered her rights to maintenance after her divorce.

We will now discuss the first two types of maintenance under the various personal laws. The third type is under the criminal law. Its objective is to prevent vagrancy and resort to prostitution by destitute women, and it is applicable to all communities equally, except the divorced Muslim wife who has received her **mahr.** But if she has not received her **mahr** she can be awarded maintenance under this law.

HINDU LAW

Under the Hindu Marriage Act, 1955, both husband and wife are put on an equal footing. Under all other laws maintenance can be claimed by the wife alone. But under the modern Hindu law, temporary maintenance, expenses of legal proceedings and permanent alimony may be claimed by either spouse depending on their respective means.

Maintenance Pendente Lite: This temporary or interim maintenance payable during the suit may have to be paid by order of the Court either by the husband or the wife to the spouse who has no independent means of her/his own sufficient for her/his support. In other words, the Court will consider the means of both the parties and if it finds that either the husband or the wife does not have enough means for support and for the expenses of litigation, it will order the spouse who has the means to pay maintenance to the other spouse as well as a sum to meet legal costs.

The amount to be paid should be what seems "reasonable" to the Court. In **Dinesh Gijubhai Mehta v. Usha Dinesh Mehta** cited earlier, the learned judges found that the total income of Dinesh's family was Rs. 2,220 a month. (Dinesh's net income was Rs. 720 and his father's was Rs. 1,500). Usha was not earning, nor were the other members of Dinesh's family (his mother, brother and sister). Including Usha, the family consisted of six members. So the per capita share was Rs. 370. The learned judges found the maintenance for Usha of Rs. 350 per month fixed by an earlier Court order entirely reasonable and rejected Dinesh's plea to have it lowered.

Permanent maintenance: At the time of passing a decree or at any subsequent time, the Court may order one spouse (either husband or wife) to pay to the other for her/his maintenance and support either a lump sum or a monthly or periodical sum, for a term not exceeding the life of the spouse who receives the maintenance. However, the life time maintenance terminates if the spouse receiving maintenance remarries. The order may be varied, modified or rescinded if the wife does not remain chaste; or if it is the husband who is receiving maintenance, he has sexual intercourse with any woman outside wed lock. In other words, celibacy is made a condition for receiving

maintenance from the divorced spouse.

The quantum of maintenance is left to be decided by the Court. The Court must decide what is "just" after taking into account:

1) The income and property of both the parties.

2) The conduct of the parties.

3) Other circumstances of the case.

If the Court is satisfied that there is a change in the circumstances of either party at any time after it has made an order, it may, at the instance of either party, vary, modify or rescind the order in such manner as it may seem to the Court to be just.

CIVIL LAW

The provisions for maintenance pendente lite, cost of proceedings and permanent maintenance under the Special Marriage Act, 1954, are essentially the same as the Hindu Marriage Act as far as the wife is concerned. The only notable difference is that the husband cannot claim temporary or permanent maintenance from the wife even if he is indigent and she is wealthy. But he won't have to pay her any maintenance if she is better off than he is.

CHRISTIAN LAW

The Indian Divorce Act, 1869 which applies to Christian marriages provides for maintenance pendente lite and permanent maintenance. It is only the wife who qualifies for obtaining either type of maintenance and not the husband.

As far as maintenance pendente lite is concerned, the Court may grant any sum that seems just provided that it does not exceed one-fifth of the husband's average net income for the past three years.

The permanent maintenance which may be granted by the Court when passing a decree is not subject to this one-fifth ceiling. The Court may order the husband to make a lump sum payment to the wife once, or a weekly, monthly or annual payment for the rest of her life. The quantum of payment has to be fixed by the Court at what is "reasonable" after taking into account:

1) The wife's fortune (if any).

2) The ability of the husband.

3) The conduct of the parties.

If the husband afterwards, from any cause, becomes unable to make such payments, the Court can modify or rescind the order, as it thinks fit.

PARSI LAW

Under the Parsi Marriage and Divorce Act, 1936 only the wife is entitled to claim maintenance pendente lite and permanent maintenance.

If the wife does not have an Independent income sufficient for her support and the necessary expenses of the suit, the Court may order the husband to pay her monthly or weekly during the suit a sum not exceeding one-fifth of her husband's net income as the Court considering the circumstances of the parties thinks reasonable.

For permanent maintenance, the Act provides that the Court may, if it thinks fit, order the husband to pay to the wife, while she remains chaste and unmarried, a lump sum or a monthly or a periodical sum for life. The sum is to be fixed at an amount which appears just and reasonable to the Court after taking into account:

1) Her own property, if any.

2) Her husband's ability.

3) The conduct of the parties.

In case the husband does not obey the order, the husband may be sued by any person supplying the wife with necessaries during the time of such disobedience for the price of such necessaries. In other words, the wife can pledge her husband's credit during the period when he does not pay her maintenance.

The maintenance order can be varied, modified or rescinded if the Court is satisfied that

1) there is a change in the circumstances of either party, or

2) the wife has remarried, or

3) the wife has not remained chaste.

MUSLIM LAW

It may have been noticed that the provisions of the Hindu and civil law are very similar with one notable exception (no discrimination on a sexist basis in Hindu law) and the provisions of Christian and Parsi law are rather similar with regard to maintenance. The reason is that the first two are based on modern English law and the other two are based on the English matrimonial law of the last century, namely the Matrimonial Causes Acts of the 1860s.

The provisions of Muslim law for maintenance, being of Islamic origin, are quite different. Islamic law regards maintenance of the wife to be the highest duty of the husband. The wife's right to maintenance is a debt as against her husband and has priority over the rights of all other persons to receive maintenance. The wife is entitled to apply to her own use articles belonging to her husband which are in her possession and which she requires for her maintenance (such as money, food and clothes), but she cannot sell other property of her husband in order to maintain herself out of the sale proceeds.

The wife is entitled to maintenance **(nafaqa)** during the subsistence of a valid marriage and for three months subsequent to divorce. The level of maintenance is to be determined with reference to the wealth and social position of both parties. The wife's right to maintenance ceases on the death of her husband.

Since a Muslim marriage is a contract which can be dissolved by the parties and the wife can remarry, permanent maintenance of a divorced wife is unknown in Islamic law. However, a wife is entitled to payment of **mahr** (dower) on divorce.

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SUMMARY

Type of law	Temporary Maintenance	Permanent Maintenance
Hindu	Reasonable quantum	Reasonable quantum
Civil	Reasonable quantum	Reasonable quantum
Christian	1/5th of husband's net income	Reasonable quantum
Parsi	1/5th of husband's net income	Reasonable quantum
Muslim	For 3 months	Mahr

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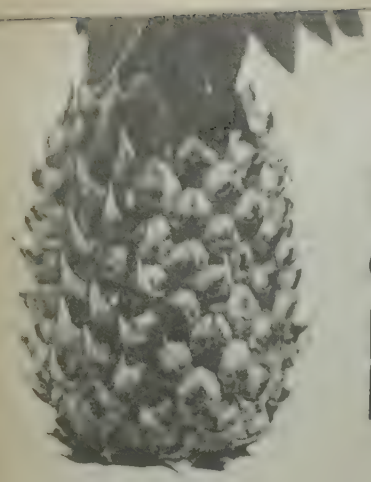

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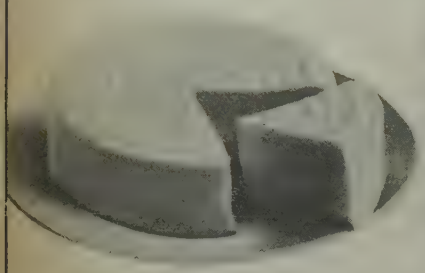

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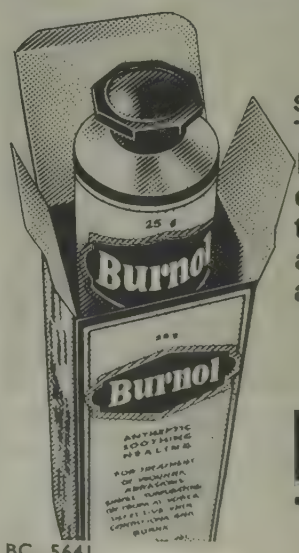

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

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THE NEW RULES

BOMBAY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS REBEL AGAINST AN ORDINANCE WHICH THEY CLAIM TAKES AWAY EVERY FUNDAMENTAL RIGHT THEY POSSESS

Nishtha Desai

For a long time Bombay University students were known for their "discipline" (or was it merely apathy?). However, over the last four years things have taken a sudden turn since students have become more direct victims of a callous and inefficiently run University. To add to the misery of an irrelevant and meaningless syllabus, the Bombay University student has of late had to face an increase in fees, an annual postponement of exams, large loopholes in the results, cancellation of October exams, compulsory attendance — the list is endless. Not to mention of course instances such as 500 unmarked answer sheets, papers being found with a chanawala and a bania, and the selling of question papers by high officials of the University. So students have been rising — protesting against the muck which they are being made to swallow in the name of "education".

In 1977 students protested against endless delays in exams. In 1978 students rose against corruption and waged a successful battle against the 33 per cent fee rise. 1979 saw students fight the University's attempt to isolate and penalise a single student who had been involved in the fee rise agitation. Later that year a protracted and month long agitation was waged against a second fee rise and the cancellation of October exams. In 1980 the University suddenly condemned hundreds of students to losing a year by withholding exam forms.

By and large the student movement in Bombay has been extremely peaceful and disciplined. No buses have been burned, no stones have been thrown and no official attacked. Even Vice Chancellor Ram Joshi had to admit that during the takeover of the University (part of the 1978 fee rise agitation), nothing had been damaged or stolen and the students had behaved in a disciplined manner. Yet the last three years have seen militant and persistent student protest.

How has the University reacted to this? A circular dated August 7, 1980, signed by Registrar G. M. Rajarshi, along with a copy of Ordinance 125A to G passed by the University Executive Council this year has been circulated to the Principals of all colleges in strict confidence. The supposed aim of the Ordinance can be found in its Preamble :

"Whereas to carry forward the process of higher education.... students' indiscipline should be curbed. . . to achieve the aforesaid goals." And "whereas punitive measures" will "serve as a deterrent" and "make him (the student) a responsible citizen dedicated to the rule of law... Now therefore the following rules of discipline and proper conduct" are promulgated.

The Preamble is followed by lists of "Acts of Indiscipline" and punitive measures, between which no correlation has been defined. Any punitive measure can be meted out for any act of indiscipline.

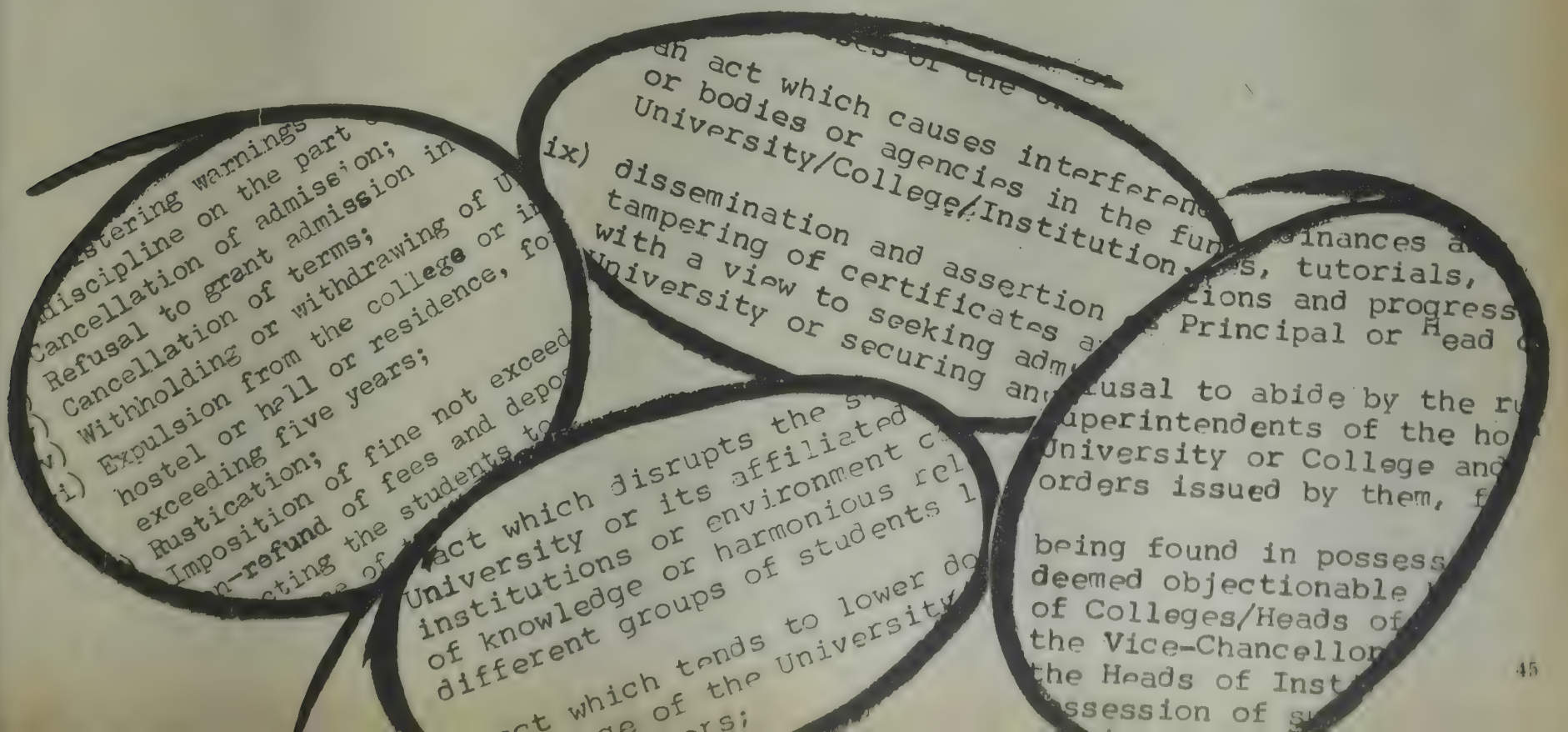
The punitive measures range from withholding of exam forms, cancellation of admission, composition of fines upto Rs. 300, denial of use of college facilities e.g. library, withdrawal of free slips and expulsion from college for a specified period "Not Exceeding Five Years". The Vice Chancellor meanwhile seems to have assumed the powers of a King for he can now "banish" a student.

According to Registrar Rajarshi, "The purpose of the Ordinance is the legal regularisation of the relationship between the students and the authorities." When the Principal has the above powers and in addition can make any rules he wishes to in the future, which of course will be binding on the students, the nature of the relationship becomes clear.

There has been a strong reaction from students all over Bombay against the Ordinance. Students of Jhunjhunwala College have in fact burnt copies of the Ordinance in front of the University. The Students' Council of SIES College has passed a resolution condemning the Ordinance. Signature campaigns against the Ordinance are being circulated in colleges from Ulhasnagar to Elphinstone College in South Bombay.

According to the students every fundamental right they possess is taken away by this Ordinance. Their right to association, their right to protest and even their right to read what they want to is threatened. For "being found in possession of goods or any

Continued on page 53



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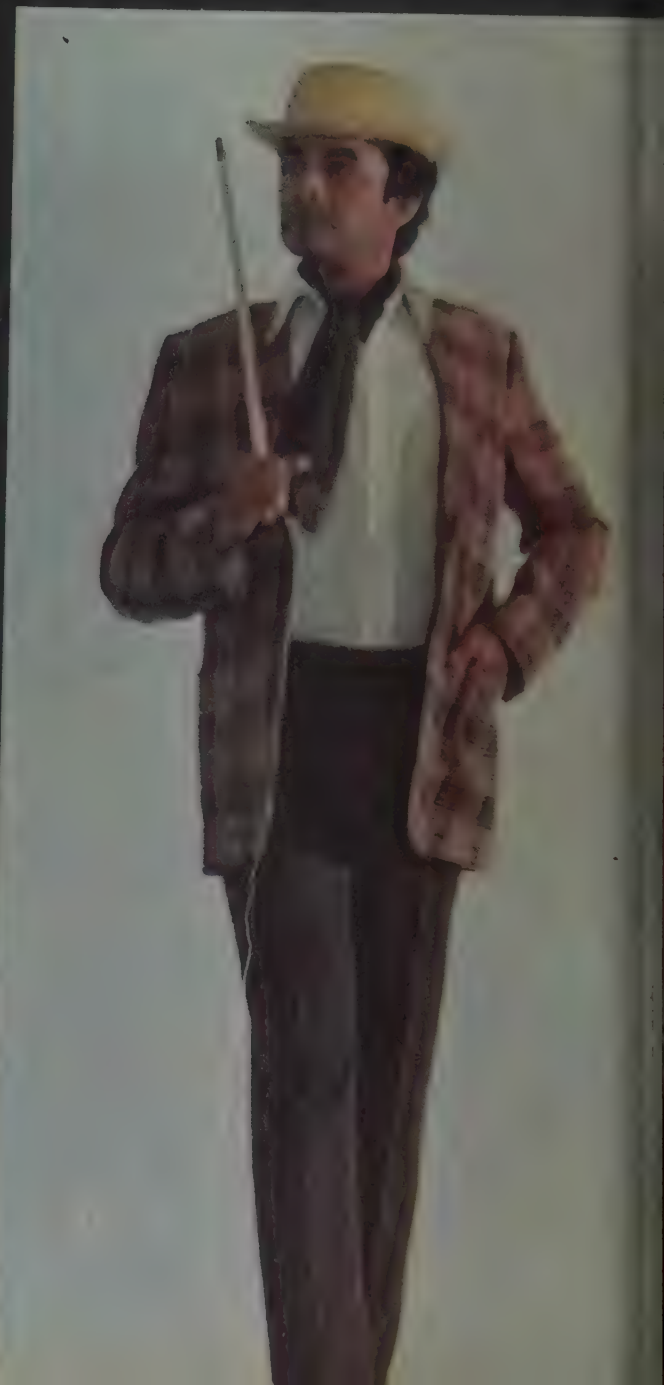

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IMAGES OF WOMEN

The influence of cinema on social behaviour is undeniable. The images of women perpetuated in films therefore gives cause for grave concern. A periodical look at the portrayal of women in Indian cinema.

"WOMEN'S THEMES" ARE IN

Shoba Sadagopan

In the world of commercial cinema the attitude towards women is reflected not merely in the role they play on the screen, but also in the roles they actually play in the industry. Ever since the "macho" hero came to dominate the Hindi screen with the rise of male superstars, women, even top stars, play subordinate roles, and are used as flesh pots to draw the crowds.

The current wave of women's films would appear to be a sign of change. But although they are films about women, it is still a male vision, and new stereotypes are invented to keep up with, and cash in on, the changes taking place in the real world. It is thus remarkable to find a film like **Apne Paraye** (directed by Basu Chatterji) which is genuinely a woman's film, in the sense that it is the woman's universe which predominates. It rises above the category of "family entertainment" under which it could easily be subsumed along with **Swayamwar** and **Sau Din Saas Ke.**

Apne Paraye is more than entertainment. Instead of the wicked mother-in-law, passive daughter-in-law syndrome, we have a perceptive examination of the psyche of women in their universe, which is of course the conventional middle class family. The film, based on a Saratchandra Chatterji story, "Nishkriti", does not question **that** reality. It would be too much to expect of a commercial film that it redefine a woman's universe, when women themselves are slow to question their own roles.

Apne Paraye is not a feminist film, but it looks at the world from a woman's point of view. It does not question the joint family system, but it studies the tensions generated by this system which makes women behave the way they do when forced to assume certain responsibilities. Those responsibilities find a concrete symbol in the bunch of keys tied to the pallav: whoever has those keys carries also the burdens of the family and the necessary power. In this particular household (of three brothers, their wives, and a host of children whose loyalties don't always correspond to their parentage), the burden falls on the youngest bahu, Sheela (Shabana Azmi) because the eldest, Siddeshwari (Ashalata), susceptible to hypochondriac ailments, is unequal to the task.

It is the arrival of the second brother (Girish Karnad) and his wife (Bharati Achrekar) from Patna which brings to the surface the hidden tensions in an otherwise smoothly run household. The ambitions of the second daughter-in-law Nayantara, a sort of innocuous Lady Macbeth, manage to arouse in Siddeshwari a resentment against the efficient Sheela and her good-for-nothing husband (Amol Palekar), and is aggravated by the fact that they are only cousins after all, and therefore "paraye".

Siddeshwari's resentment is a complex one, a major ingredient being her dependence on Sheela both in the running of the house, and as a source of the moral and physical strength that she herself lacks. In one of her softer moments, she says admiringly of Sheela, "If she had been a man, she would have been at least a Collector!"

But on the whole, Nayantara succeeds in making Sheela and her husband feel unwanted. Sheela's pride cannot take the innuendo directed at her husband who is constitutionally incapable of earning any money. She persuades him that they would be better off on the family's country estates than in a house where they are "paraye". Here the film degenerates a trifle as Sheela's family is hounded even in the countryside and reduced to abject poverty through the machinations of Nayantara and her husband. Accused of embezzlement, they can no longer live off the land, and Sheela is forced to pawn her jewels so that they do not starve.

Meanwhile, Siddeshwari regrets having been swept away by her sister-in-law's zeal, and although she allows herself to be flattered, she cannot be sweet talked into giving up the keys to Nayantara whom she distrusts at heart. Moreover, her attachment to Sheela's younger son is so great that she cannot sleep at nights, convinced that he is ill. She nags her unworldly husband (Utpal Dutt) into going to the village to find out what is happening. There is the conventional happy end with Utpal Dutt bringing the "paraye" back into the fold and a defeated Nayantara and her husband leaving for Patna.

The value of the film lies neither in the plot nor in the theme both of which are conventional, but in the relatively nuanced characterisation. There is no wicked mother-in-law and no meek daughter-in-law. Instead, we have women who respond differently when called upon to play a certain role. Neither Siddeshwari nor Sheela can be labelled as oppressor or victim. Both can prove to be sharp-tongued when passions are aroused.

Sheela in her efficiency can be a little authoritarian and something of a killjoy, while Siddeshwari's inherent weakness makes her susceptible to passing fits of anger. And while the younger children are closer to the softer "badi maa," the older children are more understanding about the burden on Sheela's shoulders.

It is Siddeshwari's inability to **cope** with her role that generates the tension, not any

RIGHT : "Apne Paraye": not a feminist film but from a woman's point of view.

ill will. And it is the necessity of having to compensate for her husband's idleness that makes Sheela over-efficient in a role she is forced to assume.

Apne Paraye shows that family tensions are about more than **subzi** and **masala.** Director Basu Chatterji has shown unusual intuition in handling the female characters, especially Siddeshwari (admirably played by Marathi stage actress Ashalata in her screen debut). This is all the more surprising considering that he directed **Man Pasand** based on that male chauvinist dream **Pygmalion.**

If **Apne Paraye** brings to the screen a degree of psychological depth that is unusual, **Sau Din Saas Ke** overreaches itself in superficiality and plagiarism. We have a grand title, a plot which is a third rate imitation of **Khubsoorat** and, worst of all, a crude attempt at converting a social problem — dowry — into a marketable commodity. A film must sell, and themes are mere ingredients in the magic recipe.

Thus a young woman (Reena Roy) marries into a family with the sole intention of bringing a wicked mother-in-law to heel. Her method: holding up her palm (symbol of Shakti? Durga? Mrs. Gandhi?), the sight of which makes the mother-in-law quake. (In general one would have thought that Durga used her power against men, but possibly scriptwriter Mukhram Sharma is confused.)

There is of course a villain, a favoured son-in-law; a meek and submissive daughter in-law (Asha Parekh) who is ill treated because of her failure to bring in a dowry. There are also two sons who hover ineffectually in the background. The mother-in-law, aided by the villain, tries to murder the omnipotent new "bahu," but being wicked she fails. After the usual melodrama all ends well with everyone forgiven.

What is objectionable in the film is not its plagiarised plot or the crude melodrama, but its complete mindlessness. It is no merit of the film that it is about women: that is merely a device to fit it into the genre of "family entertainment".

Women, women's themes are the current thing, so if **Khubsoorat** can succeed, a rehash with a dash of a new masala — dowry — can do as well. And it does, unfortunately. So why bother to understand why mothers-in-law and husbands are murderers? Why examine the domination of sons by their mothers? (One must point out that the film takes care not to implicate the sons. It is the **son-in-law,** the outsider, who is evil. Perhaps it is not superficiality that prevents the makers of **Sau Din Saas Ke** from probing a little into the mother-son-daughter-in-law relationship). As long as the masses are entertained by having them laugh at their own distorted images, why bother indeed.

LEFT : Rekha and Jeetendra in "Judaii" — more plagiarism and superficiality.

BELOW : Rameshwari as the "proud woman" and Raj Kiran as the "humble lover" in "Maan Abhimaan".

More plagiarism and superficiality are offered in **Judaii.** Pretentiously advertised as, "a deep study of conflicts and compromises in marital life," **Judaii** is nothing of the sort. Marital rift is a theme which sells well, and A. V. Subba Rao and writer T. Rama Rao have been quick to cash in. Not concerned by originality, they have borrowed freely and at random from **Thodisi Bewafaii** and **Yeh Kaisa Insaaf.**

In this case they have Rekha instead of Shabana Azmi as the wilful wife who quits her husband, a doctor (Jeetendra). Intercepting what she believes to be a phone call from a former girl friend, her high handedness brings about the death of a patient. The woman had called because her child was seriously ill. The husband keeps the son after telling his wife that she is not fit to be a doctor's wife. The angry wife goes away and has another son (the husband was unaware at the time of the quarrel that she was pregnant).

The sons grow up, meet as classmates — one bright, the other dumb, providing the parents with more excuses to quarrel later on who brought up their child better. Meanwhile, more convolutions are provided in the plot by the sons marrying and bringing their wives home. Jeetendra and Rekha in their respective homes are slowly edged out and made to realise that their only place is with each other. They finally unite in a group photo. All the film seems to say is that its better for husband and wife to stick together, but it needed a twenty year separation for them to find out.

Judaii's only innovation is that it blames both parents for the separation (He: "Wo apna abhiman apne ghar se jyada pyar karti thi." She: "Wo hamesha apni marzi ko his maanta tha"), but while it was natural for him to be philandering (and unconfiding) her unnatural wilfulness did cause a patient's death.

A woman's pride can wreck a marriage. It can even be a handicap towards marriage says **Maan Abhimaan** written and directed by Hiren Nag. The daughter of a country squire (Rameshwari) learns of his betrayal and ruin by a friend, at his deathbed. Her pride refuses all friendly overtures from the friend/enemy's innocent son (Raj Kiran). Forced to sell the haveli, she conducts herself as the arrogant mistress till the eviction order comes. Her younger brother is the cute go-between, and arranges a final confrontation. The humble lover tells her that she has walled herself in with her pride, but even now it's not too late, and generously tears up the sale deed. After a little introspection, she steps down from her **abhimaan** to do him **maan** (honour). Moral: Step down before you fall.

Beyond the hackneyed themes and treatment, what these films have in common is their inability to look at women in any balanced manner as ordinary beings. Why must women be extremely proud or headstrong in order to show that they have character? Strength in a woman is seen as a negative force. She becomes shrewish, she exceeds all limits in her attempt to assert herself. One suspects that this is the film baron's way of looking at the change that is occurring in the situation of women today.

Threatened by the change that their superficiality makes them incapable of understanding, they can only put up warning signs.

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Interpub/DSM/1/80/R

THE TRANSFER

Santy

SHE had been waiting all day for the Chief. She was almost certain he would turn her request down, but she lingered. hope flickering somewhere in her heart. She wondered how hope can survive in one's heart against reason. But anyway it did keep one trying even when one knew the task was hopeless. That was why she was waiting now.

She looked at her watch. It was twenty minutes after four. She had come at about nine in the morning, all the way from Dombivili to Peddar Road. The Chief's wife could only tell her she didn't know when he would return. So Mrs. Raman waited. The Chief was to go on tour the next day and could be away God alone knew for how many days. So she had to meet him today and try to have the orders cancelled. A lump caught at her throat as she thought of her ailing husband and wayward son and the sob could not be stifled. Transferred to Goa, that was what the order said.

At fifty-four, with a sick husband and a misguided son of twenty-one, how could she leave Bombay? She had a flat in Bombay and her son was still in the first year Science, when he should have completed B.Sc by now. Her husband had retired the previous year, but was in bed permanently stricken with some kidney trouble. Thanks to family responsibilities and his prolonged illness all the money — his insurance, provident fund, etc. had disappeared. And now running the family on her salary of Rs. 600 was difficult enough. And this transfer to Goa now. What could she possibly do? How could she run two establishments? A stab of self-pity pierced her heart and she leaned back on the bench letting the tears flow.

"Yes?"

She woke up with a start.

The Chief was standing over her. "Sorry, Sir," she stammered getting up, adjusting her crumpled sari and wiping her tears.

"Sir, I am Mrs. Raman, a clerk in your department," she identified herself.

"Yes...but what..." the Chief asked, looking at her hollow cheeked, tear stained face in puzzlement and concern.

THE HURT RANKLED MORE AND MORE AS FOR THREE MONTHS SHE LIVED FROM HAND TO MOUTH, BETWEEN HOPE AND DESPAIR, HER MEAGRE SAVINGS ALMOST EXHAUSTED

"Sir, I have been transferred to Goa..."

"Yes?"

"Sir, I am fifty-four, my husband is sick..."

"And you can't go...that's what you've come to tell me?"

"Yes sir, you see..."

"But, Mrs. Raman, everyone says he or she can't go."

"But Sir, how can I leave my husband when he is sick? My son is in college and is very poor at his studies and Sir, how can I a woman, go alone to Goa and stay there? My salary is so low and I know nobody there... Where shall I live there and who will look after my husband? Sir, please, can't you..." She broke down, unable to complete what she wanted to say.

"But what can I do Mrs. Raman? Your Union says women should also be transferred... They accuse us of discrimination otherwise and create trouble."

The Chief was obviously sympathetic but helpless.

"Sir, look at my problem..."

"Problem...Well Mrs. Raman who doesn't have them? Do you think I don't have..."

"My husband is very sick, Sir!"

"How old did you say you are?"

"Fifty four."

"Fifty four? How did they order..."

"They say I wasn't fifty-four on the date of the order."

"What rot! But the chaps will quibble about it..." he mumbled to himself. Then, "Why don't you ask for voluntary retirement?" he asked her. "I believe you're qualified for that."

"Yes sir, but I can't manage

THE TRANSFER

even with my present salary. What can I do with the miserable pension I'll get? Sir, I have to work till my son gets a job. But he is also not doing too well in his studies. . ."

"I don't know what I can do, Mrs. Raman. . . Did you speak to your Divisional Officer? Who is he? Mr. Parwatkar?"

"Yes sir, he says I must go. . . Sir, tell me how can I go ?"

He could feel how desperate the woman was. It was a shame. "Wait, I will talk to him," he said and went inside to ring Mr. Parwatkar.

"Hello, Mr. Parwatkar, Shukla here, good evening. Look, about one of our employees, Mrs. Raman. Can't you withdraw her transfer order? She's fitfy-four and to send her to Goa. . ."

"Yes, sir, I know, but the rules. . ."

"I am afraid she has a case. Her husband is ill and how can she. . .I mean. . .a woman at fifty-four going alone to Goa. . .I think this is utterly wrong."

"But sir, what can we do? The rules. . ."

"Mr. Parwatkar, please check up and let me know if anything can be done. There must be some way."

Mrs. Raman's heart filled with hope. What a godly man the Chief was! She looked up at him when he returned to her, her face a little less haggard.

"Thank you, Sir, you are very kind," she said, gratitude filling her heart.

"No, Mrs. Raman, frankly I don't think he can do anything. Of course, we'll try, but the system is bad. Transferring low paid . . .I don't know who made the stupid rule. It is bad thing to do. Looks like even your Union is not willing to back you. . .Anyway I'll see if anything can be done."

"When shall I call on you, Sir?"

"No need to call, Mrs. Raman. If we can do anything you'll hear from us."

"At least sanction me leave Sir. I have already been relieved."

"Oh yes, that can be done."

Long after Mrs. Raman had left, Shukla felt sick at heart over a system that perpetrated such unmitigated injustice on poor, inoffensive employees. Transfers, they maintained, reduced vested interests and minimised corruption. My foot! thought Shukla. Corruption and vested interests always held sway; the clever and the unscruplous would always feather their nests wherever they were posted and whatever rules were devised. Only the simple and the honest, like Mrs. Raman, would be penalised.

As an officer he had been transferred so many times. But then he always had posh bungalows waiting for him and a retinue of petty officers to welcome him and hang around, arranging for school and college admissions, fixing odds and ends. But these poor clerks with families? What hardships transfers meant for them! No accommodation in the new place so that they had to share some poky little chawl with several others and live miserably, starving themselves, borrowing endlessly to maintain two establishments and worrying about the families they had left behind. Even the Unions never fought against this. He wondered why. Instead, they insisted that the hardships should be extended to women employees as well. God! Equality in misery too! But what could he do? The system had so entrenched itself that probably nothing could ever be done. Those who made these mindless rules lived in comfort in the cities. Who cared?

Mrs. Raman had hardly any leave at her credit and after fifteen days, when she went to see the Chief with her husband, he had not returned from tour. In the meantime, the controlling office directed her twice to report at Goa, threatening action if she did not comply with the order "forthwith." It was then that she ran into Mohan Athawale, a kindly man and an old colleague who was now PA to some Minister. She told him of her woes and wept bitterly, talking to him on the road. Everyone around stopped and looked at them curiously. She could see poor Mohan was getting embarrassed. But her suffering was too intense to bother about appearances.

"I'll do my best, Mrs. Raman," he assured her with genuine sympathy. But he knew it was a futile promise. There was this new compaign against interfering with or arranging for transfers. The Chief Minister had in fact created a special cell to watch the PAs who were considered the main channels of influence peddling. If any Minister's PA does anything to seek a favour it was reported to the Chief Minister. But he could try. The woman's situation was really pathetic.

Mrs. Raman returned to Dombivili, and postponed the evil day by taking leave without pay. The hurt feeling rankled more and more when for three months she lived from hand to mouth, torn between hope and despair, her meagre savings almost exhausted, her appeals falling on deaf ears. Finally she left for Goa.

And on the very fourth day after she reached Goa, she received a trunk call at the office from her son that her husband had had a stroke in the early morning and had died shortly afterwards.

"Amma," her son was speaking through sobs. . . "I don't know what to do. . ."

"Don't cry, I am coming," she said and, putting the phone down, hurried into the office superintendent's cabin to ask for a week's casual leave.

The trauma of the transfer had so benumbed her emotions that the news of her loss did not bring even a tear to her eyes.

"Well Mrs. Raman, I know how bitter you must be feeling," the Chief said when he called on her personally to offer his condolences. "You don't have to go back to Goa or anywhere any more. I have ordered your transfer back to Bombay. I have been successful in persuading the Delhi bosses to change the transfer policy. No low paid staff will be transferred hereafter. They could have decided it earlier and saved you so much misery. . . but. . ."

"But sir. . ." she said in a broken voice. "I'd rather go to Goa . . . What I've gone through during the last few months has been too much. I am afraid I can't live in Bombay, Sir, I hate Bombay. . . I hate the people here . . . I hate everything. . . Please Sir, let me go, my son will be living with a cousin of mine. No Sir, please, no Bombay again. . ."

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HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

SUCCESS IN MARRIAGE—DIPLOMACY

I suppose when one is waiting for the final call, one tends to get nostalgic. I have, of late, often sensed the presence of my guardian angel hovering around me, ready to escort me to the pearly gates. So I am nostalgic. I am beginning to recall the 35 years of my married life and I can pride myself that it has been a pretty happy one. Both of us have contributed towards this success, and husbands, if you want to know my secret, gather around and read.

One has to be a master diplomat to be a good husband. In fact, being an Ambassador in an unfriendly country and tackling the protest notes from the Foreign Office there is a picnic compared to tackling wives. One has to be careful, and patience and self-control enable a man to go through life wearing the same bashed up gold ring. Temper, my friend, has no place in married life.

The other day, my wife walked in after spending an hour in the Cottage Industries, wearing a pair of earrings that looked like a bunch of cherries with leaves and branches complete. Any young, inexperienced husband would have given his marriage a rude shock by exclaiming, "What the hell do you think you are, a cherry tree or something?" What would he have gained? Nothing. He has lost his money anyway, and he would just follow her with his eyes, walking briskly upstairs in tears and thanking her foresight for having purchased twin beds. No, Sir. One has to be subtle and consider his approach with care. All I would say would be, "You've got to be careful with earrings, darling. Simple ones would look better on your dainty ears and add to your charm."

Yes, hints have been taken before even by wives. Being a diplomat is one thing, but understanding your wife is quite another. You cannot get over the fact that a wife is the cleverest, most cunning female alive, and one small mistake, and you are trapped. Wives have a sixth sense. Last evening as I entered the house, she said very casually, "I met Laura at the bazaar this morning." What a clever sentence that is! While I kept my attache case aside and started the process of changing, I hummed a tune, but all hell was loose in my mind. Thoughts like, "What did Laura tell her?" "Does she know everything?" went through my mind.

A guilty or an inexperienced husband would come up with "So what if you met Laura?" starting a controversy that ends with the use of twin-beds. But years of married life and experience on how to get out of tight corners, and loose morals, help me out. After a few minutes of quick thinking I said, "Yes Babs, I too met her a few days ago and she told me how nice you looked in that pink dress of yours." Then I came down to a sweet smile and a hot cup of tea.

The diplomatic way of doing things in a marriage is to avoid a row. There are several ways of avoiding a row and it doesn't matter which way you do it; you are certainly better off without one.

Another thing we men have to learn to tolerate is our wives' dressing habits. Until scientists discover an instant wardrobe and make-up kit, we have to stand by and whistle while she gets herself ready with the many pieces she puts on. "Do you know what the time is?" never helps. It just puts her in a bad mood, the silence in the car is terrible, and if you land there earlier than others you'll have hell to pay.

A subtle hint on how quickly Mrs. Almeida dresses may help, unless Mrs. Almeida looks good, in which case you'll have to answer on how you know that she dresses fast, and how come you are interested in her dressing time.

Yes, you have to be a diplomat or you'll end up like Lewis and Natalie. Lewis, the tactless idiot, one day told her that the truth was as plain and simple as her face. She lives with her unmarried sister now, and he lives with his truth.

Until next time then.

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

Continued from page 45

material deemed objectionable by the Principal," or "any act which disrupts the smooth running of the college," are acts of indiscipline. Even questions asked in class can be interpreted as "disruption". In fact recently in Siddhartha College, when Sayyed Raza, a student, asked the Head of the Chemistry Department an "awkward" question, he was told that he would be fined Rs. 300 if he asked any more such questions.

Does the Ordinance leave provision for any kind of student protest? Students cannot use the name of the University or their College for sending out press statements or for "making any representation on behalf of any student or a group of students to any public authority in India or elsewhere other than a person responsible for the management of the affairs of the University." Thus the University makes itself Caesar. But when Caesar wrongs you. . .?

Registrar G. M. Rajarshi however dismissed the implications given above with a shrug, and said that it was merely the legal language used to present the Ordinance that made it sound threatening. "Only those who misbehave and take the University to court need to fear it."

The Ordinance makes it an act of indiscipline "to lower down in the public estimate the image of the University, College or their officers." Skeletons in the cupboard? None whatever, says Rajarshi: "What has the University to fear? Corruption is in check. Exams are on time. There is a great trust between the authorities and the majority of the students."

"What trust?" reacted Shoma Sen, member of the University Students' Council, who along with two other students plans to move the courts against the Ordinance. "There are so many allegations at the door of the University. The Wagle Commission Report charged high University officials with embezzling lakhs of rupees. Two inquiry commissions were appointed by the Governor to go into the University's corruption. The findings of these commissions have been suppressed now for many years."

She stated further, "It is an open secret that exam papers are bought and sold every year. And everybody in Bombay knows of the colossal mistakes in results of the papers lost and of the University's inability to hold exams. It is clear that the students do not trust the University one bit. And the provisions of the Ordinance show quite strongly that the University officials don't trust the students either."

Students have unanimously expressed resentment against the Ordinance, some more vociferously than others. Aavhaan Threatre Group has been taking a skit around to all colleges presenting their viewpoint against the Ordinance.

What constitutes discipline or indiscipline has become a matter of debate. However even if "indiscipline" is on the increase the question to be answered is — who is responsible?

FIVE RED ROSES

Fifie Mendonca

AN IDEA BEGAN FORMING IN HIS MIND, BUT A GROWING SENSE OF GUILT PRICKED HIS CONSCIENCE. YET HE COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION

IT was a beautiful morning when Sudhir happily set out for school, but with an empty school bag. There was a reason for his jubilation. It was his teacher's birthday. Sudhir was studying in the 5th standard and a new teacher was substituting for their old teacher who was ill. His classmates had decided that each one should buy something on his own for their teacher as a birthday gift. A crisp tenner was tucked away in his little wallet and Sudhir kept on pushing his hand into his trouser pocket just to make sure it was there.

School was within walking distance for Sudhir, but today he wanted to go to the nearby boutique to buy something nice for his teacher. His eyes fell on a tiny ring with an artificial red stone in it. When the sales girl at the counter told him that it only cost rupees seven, Sudhir beamed with joy. He quickly dug his hand into his pocket to withdraw his wallet. But the next moment his face fell. . . he was almost in tears. "Anything the matter, sonny?" asked the salesgirl, "I am afraid I have lost my purse," cried Sudhir, turning his pocket inside out. It was definite now, his wallet had fallen out. "I am sorry I cannot buy that ring after all," was all that Sudhir could mumble before he bolted out of the boutique in confusion.

Terribly humiliated and miserable, Sudhir didn't notice the drops of rain that had suddenly begun to fall, but then it began to rain heavily and in no time he was drenched to the skin. He didn't want to wait till the rain subsided because that would mean he would be late for school, and it would be too late to wish his new teacher. So he ran towards the bus stop. There was a long queue for the bus, and people were jostling each other as the buses halted at the stop.

Just then his bus roared in and Sudhir somehow managed to squeeze himself into it. His school was only two bus stops away. As the ticket collector began punching the tickets, Sudhir suddenly realised that he had no money with him. The small change that he had kept in his wallet had also been lost. As the conductor approached Sudhir, he looked up and said, "I am sorry, but I don't have a single paise with me. Please allow me to alight at the next stop." The conductor was a kindly man and did not make a scene.

Sudhir was now forced to wait in the shelter of the bus-stop for the rain to subside. "At this rate I shall definitely be too late to wish teacher," Sudhir fretted. So engrossed was he in his own chaotic thoughts that he didn't hear a white Ambassador jam its brakes in front of him. "Want a lift sonny?" asked the lady inside. "I'd. . . I'd. . . be very grateful," Sudhir stammered between sobs and smiles. "Then hop in at the back," called out the gentleman who sat at the wheel.

Sudhir heaved a sigh of relief as he plopped himself on the soft seat behind. He kept his empty school bag on his lap. He had brought it just in case he needed it to carry his gift.

Since it was their teacher's birthday the students had been asked to get only their class diary as there would be no lessons.

Wow! Sudhir's eyes couldn't believe it. Yes, there it lay — a huge bouquet of beautiful red roses beside him on the seat. A faint fragrance wafted towards his little nostrils. "What lovely roses! Teacher would love to have them. If I hadn't lost my money, I could have bought a few roses as well as the ring," thought Sudhir sadly. Then an idea began forming in his mind, but a growing sense of guilt pricked his conscience. Yet he could not resist the temptation. So he carefully pulled out five red roses from the bouquet. As he was slipping them into his bag, the lady in front asked him "Which school do you go to, son?"

"Shraddhanand High School, my name is Sudhir Rao," he stammered, frightened that the lady had noticed his pilferage. But she hadn't.

"Oh, here you are, why my daughter. . ." but before she could finish the sentence Sudhir jumped out mumbling, "Thank you very much for the lift," and ran towards his school.

"Such beautiful roses, Sudhir. Where did you get them from?" asked Miss Shenoy, her eyes sparkling. "Don't ask me teacher . . ." Sudhir could not continue and stood there, a picture of embarrassment.

"Thank you very much for these lovely roses," beamed Miss Shenoy, wondering why the boy was looking so guilty. Sudhir continued to stand there. How his conscience pricked! He was an honest, well-brought up boy and now he felt ashamed of having stolen the roses from such a kind hearted couple. But he could not bring himself to confess. He left, walking slowly. Later, he decided he had to reveal the truth. So he went up to his teacher to pour out the whole story.

"Excuse me teacher, I have something to tell you. . . I'm afraid. . . I'm. . ." but he could not continue. Hot tears began to stream down his cheeks.

"What is it, Sudhir? Why are you crying?" Miss Shenoy asked anxiously. Then Sudhir stammered out the whole story about the money he had lost, the car lift, and finally his stealing the five red roses.

"Now listen, Sudhir, you are a God-fearing boy and stole those roses for a very unselfish reason. Of course, it was wrong, but I'm sure the couple who gave you that lift will understand."

"Will they? Are you sure, teacher?" asked Sudhir eagerly, his voice almost a squeak.

"I am sure they will," Miss Shenoy assured him "After all, you did it just to please me."

But is was a different story at home. Sudhir didn't have the

FIVE RED ROSES

Continued from Page 54

heart to tell his mother about the five red roses he had filched for his teacher. His mother wouldn't understand. She'd think it just plain stealing—which it was of course—for whatever purpose he'd done it. He felt a great burden of guilt. Oh, if only he knew where that kindly couple lived! He'd have rushed to them and begged their forgiveness.

"Sudhir, please come downstairs," his mother's voice cut across his thoughts. "You have some visitors," she added.

Visitors! Sudhir's brow furrowed. When he pushed the curtain a little aside, Sudhir's heart did a fast summersault. For there, seated on the sofa, was the very couple who had given him a lift in the morning. And his teacher had also come along with them! Sudhir stood petrified. Had they come to complain? How could he ever show his face to his parents, who had always put so much value on honesty? He had disgraced them. Then he noticed that the lady had a parcel on her lap, while his teacher held a beautiful red rose in her hand. "I'm sure teacher has told them about my stealing those red roses," Sudhir thought, and heaved a sigh of utter defeat. Well, he'd have to face the music.

"Hurry up, Sudhir." his mother called out once again.

"Coming amma. . . coming. . ." Sudhir came down the stairs slowly, ready to take his punishment. He stood before them. his eyes lowered.

"Sudhir, come and meet my parents. Do you remember them?" asked Miss Shenoy teasingly.

"Your parents! . . . your parents?. . . Oh, please tell them how sorry I am about the whole thing," he pleaded wringing his hands.

"Don't take it so badly, Sudhir," Mrs. Shenoy consoled him. "We lost nothing actually, because you presented those five red roses of ours to our daughter Nalini. So you see we got our roses back, didn't we?" Then she laughed.

"I promise I'll never steal again whatever happens," Sudhir blurted, looking sheepishly at his mother who was ignorant of the whole thing.

"Here is a small gift from us to you, Sudhir; Nalini told me everything when she returned home from school."

"Thank you so much. It's so kind of you," smiled Sudhir through his tears as his teacher and her parents rose to leave.

On opening his parcel, Sudhir's cheeks glowed with elation as he glanced at the beautiful bouquet of five plastic red roses, and a crisp tenner that was pinned at the bottom with a note reading, "This is my birthday gift to you Sudhir, so cheer up and smile. And don't forget to treat yourself to a couple of large ice cream cones, Love — N. S."

His mother still wore a puzzled look, wondering what this was all about. And when Sudhir explained, she didn't have the heart to rebuke him. Instead, she gathered him to her ample bosom smiling happily.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

SO, ONWARD TO THE SOUTH!

'Chalo South" is filmdom's latest. All Telugu, Tamil, Malayalam films are flown up and down for Hindi directors and writers. Writers just edit out the screams, heavy sobs, heaving of busts, and turn them into Hindi scripts. In any case, apart from a Rekha or a Zeeenat, the Poonams, Tinas and Padminis do not even have bosome to heave.

Male stars, from Jeetu to Chintu, jump up for a call from a Madras producer. Jeetu is well **jamoed** in the South. Rajesh refuses to leave the orbit of the Lord of Tirupathi for professional as well as family bliss. Sanjeev will even direct his first film in a Hyderabad studio on Banjara Hill, and Arun Govil is thrilled with his entry into the South in 'Judai', followed by Raghava's 'Itnisi Baat', starring Sanjeev, Moushumi, Arun and Tamanna. Tamanna moves behind publicist Gopal Pandey like Mary's lamb, since she is in every film for which Pandey is publicist.

While stars in Bombay, I mean the heroes (heroines don't count — I don't see any producer fussing over them), get tall tiffin **dabbas** of home-food from the producers, be it Prakash Mehra, Subhash Desai's Gujju food or 'Kudrat' Khanna's **dabba** with **masala arbi** and **moong dal,** with the Southern producers it is a different story. When they come to Bombay, it is the stars who dance attendance on them. So Rama Naidu of 'Bandish', when he falls ill, asks Shobha (Jeetu's wife) to send him a doctor, gets Sudha (Om Shivpuri's wife) to cook **kheema kaleji bhat** for him, and one morning, in his Holiday Inn room, for breakfast I found a non-vegetarian **dabba** from Rajesh Khanna, although Rajesh is a vegetarian at home during the Ganpati days. When he is lonely he has Roopesh Kumar to sing for him. Roopesh is a self-appointed authority on Southern filmdom — "L.V. Prasad is my father, Rama Naidu is my benefactor." And Naidusaab has alloted Roopesh the direction of a quickie — a musical (Usha Khanna), with newcomers in the cast, to be shot in Ooty in two months. The entire filmdom is giving advice free to Naidusaab against Roopesh.

Naidusaab is just the type to get thrilled with this oposition. He, like me, likes opposition. "I have given chances to many actors as directors in Telugu, why not Roopesh? If I find he can't deliver twenty per cent of what he talks, in two reels I will scrap him."

Dimple, after doing so much wrong to Roopesh, continues to harass him. I hear she praised Roopesh's story in front of him, and the fool believed her, but I hear that she is now ridiculing the story. It is an ordinary story, almost a re-make of 'Jab Jab Phool Khile', which is better than 'Phir Wohi Raat' at least. Although Rajesh is one of the few Punjabi filmi males who does not bore you with "My wife liked the story" and "My wife liked the film" and "My wife thinks this scene should be cut", from Rajendra Kumar and J. Om Prakash to producer Subhash Verma, their wives become instant authority. "They are women audience," say the males. "But **mufta.** Mostly they see five films on **Karva Chaudh** because they can't starve for an hour," I tell them, and one day, I retaliated with, "My father thinks this shot is good, my brother feels this girl is no good, etc." "Are they in the film line?" asked the producer. "No, they are connected with race-horses. But so what, how does it matter, they are a columnist's relatives!"'

And when filmdom heard that Rama Naidu wants to sign me on for dialogues, they warned me instead. "You don't know Southern producers, they are **asli** womanizers, not mild flirts like us, they mean business." And the only reason I was putting off signing the contract was the image of the South Indian producers. I thought they were only interested in two baths, **three agarbatees, dahi bhat** and kilos of talcum powder. I did not know they like big game **shikars.** So onwards to the South!

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

An exhibition of drawings by Rohini Sinha was held at the Max Mueller Bhavan recently. Rohini Sinha, who specialises in depicting nature, is an M. A. in English Literature from Lucknow University and has received a diploma in painting from Sir J. J. School of Art, Bombay. She has also completed her post diploma training in mural decoration from the same institution. She received the Maharashtra State Award in 1974 and has also given talks on painting for All India Radio, Bombay.

* * *

Helpage India, in its second year has given financial assistance totalling Rs. 25,67,972 to a variety of age-care projects throughout India during 1979.

The largest fund raising project entered into by Helpage India is with the "Shanti Avedna Ashram", Bombay. Here, the Society organised "Sponsored Walks" in schools, whereby children have raised nearly Rs. 7 lakhs to endow beds at the Ashram's new Hospice for terminal cancer patients.

A Bombay organisation is also the recipient of one of Helpage India's smallest grants. Rs. 7,080 was paid to the Family Welfare Agency to survey the needs of old people living in chawls. The survey, now completed, is to lead to a pilot non-residential programme for the benefit of the aged in some of the poorest parts of the city.

Another achievement by Helpage India has been the formation of the Disaster Rescue and Relief Unit under the honorary direction of Lt. General H. K. Sibal, MVC (Retd). Equipped with powered inflatable rescue craft, jeep, motorcycle, tents, tarpaulins and relief supplies, this Unit is based in Delhi and manned by honorary personnel and qualified volunteers.

Recently the Unit carried out relief operations in Sitapur District, U. P.

* * *

"Blossom" presents an exhibition-cum-sale of children's dresses, chania-choli sets, leather bags, batik articles, handicrafts and tasty home-made confectionery, at Cymroza Art Gallery, Bhulabhai Desai Road, on October 17 and 18, 1980.

* * *

A concerted effort is being made by a new cultural body of Bombay, Arpan Nritya Sancha, to revive folk dances of India. Their main aim is to organise college students interested in folk dance to make this art form popular.

The "Sancha" held its first programme of folk dances at Birla Kreeda Kendra, Chowpatty. A novel feature of this programme was an elaborate commentary in English.

* * *

An exhibition of Dhokara metal crafts of Bastar will be held by Jaidev Baghel at Jehangir Art Gallery from October 23 to 29, 1980. A traditional craftsman in metal crafts, Jaidev received his training from his father, a noted craftsman of Bastar.

* * *

An exclusive exhibition-cum-sale of hand embroidered sarees was arranged by Mrs. Leena Y. T. Maneklal, at Taj Mahal Hotel. All the sarees were produced by needy women of the weaker sections who were the recipients of the proceeds of the sale.

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1. At the National Day celebrations of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, at Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. A. Y. Al Hussaini, Mrs. F. E. Yousuf, Mr. A. H. Al Shubaili, Consul, Saudi Arabia, Mrs. A. Al Shubaili, and Mrs. J. D. Colquhoun-Denvers.

2. His Excellency Mr. J. R. Jayewardene, President of Sri Lanka, and Mrs. Jayewardene being welcomed at Hotel Maurya Sheraton, New Delhi, where they stayed, when they visited India recently.

3. An exhibition-cum-sale of sarees and salwar-suits was held in Bombay, by Sabita Radhakrishna (2nd from left) of Amrapali boutique, Madras.

4. Mr. T. Amin, President, Lions Club, hands over the mallet to the newly elected President of the Lioness Club of Ahmedabad, Dr. Sulochana V. Shah.

4

Haryana State Small Industries and Export Corporation Ltd., Chandigarh, is holding their annual exhibition-cum-sale of handlooms and handicrafts at Coomaraswamy Hall from October 4 to 17, 1980.

DELHI

The Delhi Housewives Association is planning a music contest, an essay competition and a painting competition for the children of government schools, in connection with the Nehru Memorial Awards. The main function will be held in November. The winners of these competitions will participate in the function and will be awarded prizes. Children from the Diplomatic Corps are also invited to join the contests.

CALCUTTA

The Post and Telegraphs Department formally released a stamp in honour of Mother Teresa to commemorate her receiving the Nobel Peace Prize, 1979. She was presented with a stamp and Rs. 20,000 collected by the Post and Telegraphs staff. Mr. S. K. Ghosh, Secretary, Communication Ministry, said that this was the first occasion when the Post and Telegraphs had issued a stamp to honour a living person.

* * *

The Sundarban Wild Life Society held an informative exhibition at the British Decor Auditorium. The various nature clubs sponsored by this society exhibited some unusually good photographs of wild animals. There were some exhibits of extinct wild animals, like the horn of the one horned rhino and some fascinating nests of wild birds.

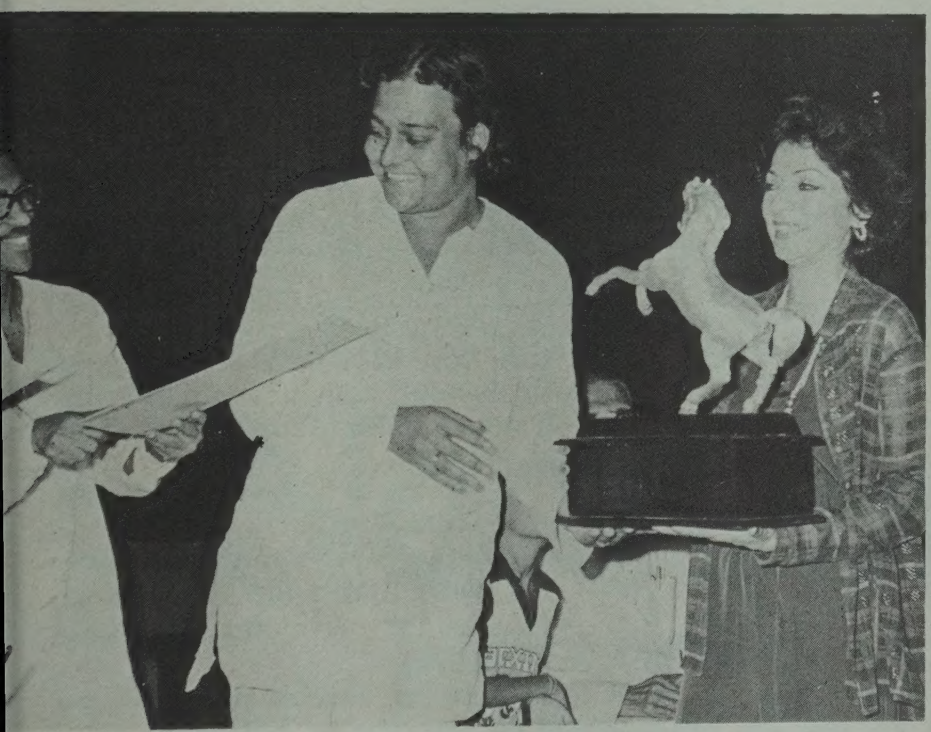
ANNOUNCEMENT

Owing to substantial increase in the cost of newsprint, printing charges, wages and overheads, the management is obliged to increase the selling price of Eve's Weekly from Rs. 1.50 to Rs. 2.00 a copy, effective from its issue dated November 8, 1980. to partly cover the increased costs. The price of our Special Issue scheduled for November 1, 1980, will remain Rs. 2.50 as before. We earnestly hope that our readers will continue to extend their patronage to us as before.

PUBLISHER

MADRAS

To mark the Silver Jubilee Year of their college, the students of the S.I.E.T. Women's College organised a three day cultural festival, called "Regalia '80" with the Bee as their symbol. The festival consisted of exciting items like music, photography, quiz, painting and skits, all on an inter-collegiate basis, but the most popular of all events was the beauty contest on the last day. The "Beequeen" of the Regalia was Suraiya Sait who was presented with a cup by the Tamil Nadu Chief Minister, Mr. M. G. Ramachandran. The "Beeking" was Ashok Kumar. This was the first time a cultural festival of this type was organised in the College.



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5. Stage actress Sabira Merchant receiving the All India Critics' Award for the Best Actress of the year presented to her in Calcutta recently.

6. The Governor of West Bengal, Mr. T. N. Singh, seen with the fund-raising committee of the Women's Co-ordinating Council in Calcutta. Mrs. Biloo Kapoor, Chairman, is at extreme right.

7. "Regalia '80" a three day cultural festival was organised by the students of the S.I.E.T. Women's College, Madras. Suraiya Sait, the winner of the beauty contest, receives a cup from Mr. M. G. Ramachandran, Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu. Also seen is Latha Kumar, President of the college union.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK OCT. 19 — 25, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

Dynamic planets are influencing your affairs and a Full Moon indicates that you cannot hope to continue along present lines for very much longer. You will be winding up some of your present activities and friendships, and branch out in new directions. Communication is one sphere that shows benefits. Short-distance travel, lively companions, fresh scenes and ideas, will help your plans. There will be some generous hospitality throughout the year, and romance if heart-free. Work with a special goal in mind and make the most of your chances.

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

You find yourself short of cash, so plan for the next year along thrifty lines. A long-term savings scheme for future security will be a good thing. Make sure of financial reserves.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

Don't lose confidence in yourself because of current difficulties, a lack of co-operation generally. Take little disappointments philosophically, troubles will straighten out before Christmas. But it's a lucky time for people close to you!

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

There will be some hassles in both working and personal relationship. People will tend to be selfish and burden you with extra tasks. Say no to the more outrageous demands, and be firm about having some fun.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

You could push your luck a bit this week, don't be reckless. Your charm will be potent your powers of persuasion can be used to advantage. Make requests, ask favours. Take some initiatives to form new friendships.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

The social scene is well starred for some time ahead, with promising meetings, if single. Minor strokes of money luck are indicated this week, perhaps an unexpected gift. In business activities, you will be on a good wicket.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

The emphasis is on short-distance travel, minor changes, new friendships. Consider new approaches, businesswise, if you have something special to offer and need backing. In leisure time, plenty of frivolous distraction.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Jupiter, moves into your sign before the end of October and brings you luck. Some excellent opportunities come your way in the months ahead. Money matters are emphasised this week, both long and short term.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Past endeavours begin to bring results, but don't expect a relaxed life just yet! You may have begun a new project or decided to work along more profitable lines. The Sun moves into your sign this week to spur your ambitions.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

It will be all go until the end of 1980 at least — but such activity will be to your advantage and will be enjoyable. There's a new love on the way, if single; a happy sense of 'togetherness' if married.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

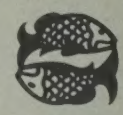
A busy but amusing week. A happy family celebration; an invitation will take you into unusual surroundings. You make a success of anything you attempt this week, but plan ahead.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

If there is something missing in your love life at present, look ahead with pleasing anticipation. Socially, you find yourself busy, with delightful companions. This week is splendid for health, for changing your style.

PISCES



(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Friends and relatives will seek your help. As you are used to this, do your best! Soon everything will swing in your favour and life will be more satisfying in every way. But watch your spending.

A bore is someone who is here today — and here tomorrow.

Sam Rorke

A popular person is one who enjoys being bored.

George Barker

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored.

Lord Byron

Repose is a good thing, but boredom is its brother.

Voltaire

The human capacity for being bored, rather than man's social or natural needs, lies at the root of man's cultural advance.

Ralph Linton

A bore would rather change his friends than his subject.

Howard W. Newton

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT BORES & BOREDOM

One cure for boredom is to forget yourself through activities which bring you in touch with people and ideas outside yourself.

Blanche Mckeown

The backslider gets bored with himself; the godly man's life is exciting.

The Living Bible

At least half the sins of mankind are caused by the fear of boredom.

Bertrand Russell

The basic fact about human existence is not that it is a tragedy, but that it is a bore.

H. L. Mencken

Passions are less mischievous than boredom, for passions tend to diminish, boredom to increase.

Jules Barbey D'Aurevilly

Ennui has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair.

Charles Colton

David Gunston

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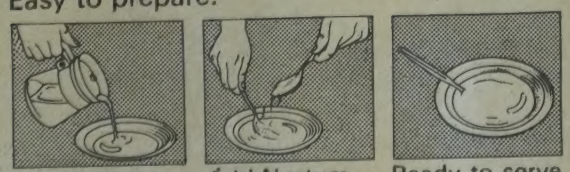

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PARLE Gluco PARLE MONACO PARLE Krackjack

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